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CANADA MONTHLY

EDITED BY SIDNEY R. COOK

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Vol 22

Next Month's Issue

MUCH foolishness has been written, both as fiction and as fact, about the life of those pioneers who blazed the trails and paved the way for the settlers of Western Canada. In "Her Masterpiece," a three part story by Blanche Gertrude Robbins, beginning in the June issue of CANADA MONTHLY, we believe we have found a story expressing the ideals which inspired a very considerable number of those brave souls who found hardship and suffering, but also the fulfillment of dreams and the accomplishment of purposes which brought them satisfaction and happiness. It is the story of a woman artist who goes to the great west for inspiration for a masterpiece which shall make her reputation secure and fulfill her life ambition. Influenced by the lives of real service to humanity in a pioneer's family with which she makes her temporary home, this ambition undergoes a change which alters her career and brings her at last to an appreciation of the true values of life. The author has taken a big theme and developed it logically and interestingly. You will agree with us that this is one of the best stories of the year.

Dr. Hugh Pedley, of Montreal, who has just retired after forty years of active service in the ministry, contributes an interesting article on "Internationalism in North America."

Tom King, dean of the press gallery at Ottawa, will comment on recent activities on Parliament Hill.

Alice Hegan Rice in a humorous story, "The Vow of Silence," reveals her intimate knowledge of life in the southern mountains. "When Old Lights Flicker," by Jack Holden, "Soldier Girl," by Betty Parker, and the next instalment of "The Gregory Morton Mystery" complete the fiction.

Vol 22

CONTENTS FOR MAY, 1917

Hospitals on Wheels for Disabled Soldiers 6
A description of the new railroad hospital cars recently put into service.

Financing a War with Wheat 9
By ROBERT J. C. STEAD. What the Western Provinces could do if only a small fraction of the arable land were under cultivation. Illustrated from Photographs.

Uncle Solon's Stomach 12
By MARY HEATON VORSE. Have you a chronic dyspeptic in your home? If not, you know the type. Here is a humorous story of the effects of a "cure." Illustrated by Irma Demereaux.

The Gregory Morton Mystery. (Part Six) 16
By CHARLES CABOT. In this instalment the mystery of the lost personality comes near to being solved. Illustrated by Marjory Mason.

An Unappreciated Comedy 20
By ELLIOTT FLOWER. The problem of a merchant, two of whose employees confessed to a theft which neither of them committed. Illustrated by Irma Demereaux.

The Right Angle 24
Two pages of editoral comment on Dominion Affairs.

The Night Run 26
By MADGE MACBETH. If you were a girl travelling alone and a man stepped into your compartment and confessed he was making a "get-away" what would you do? Here is a story of what a girl did under these circumstances. Illustrated by Marcel Olis.

Jack Miner and his Tame Wild Birds 28
By H. M. TANDY. What one man is doing for the protection of bird life. Illustrated from Photographs.

Tickets and Home-Made Drama 31
By MADGE MACBETH. In which it is shown that one effect of the war is an improvement in the standard of amateur productions. Illustrated by John Edwin Jackson.

Current Events in Review 32
Comments of the press upon topics of interest to Canadians.

The Good Green Grass 32
By W. D. NESBIT. A Spring Poem.

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Hospitals on Wheels for Disabled Soldiers

THE plans worked out by the Military Hospitals commission and the various Provincial organizations point to efficiency in caring for the boys who return to our shores after being disabled in the conflict with the Hun. These plans are quite far reaching. They embrace a re-training of such of the veterans as are unable, through disability, to go back to their former occupations.

Technical schools are being established in connection with the convalescent hospitals. These schools doubtless will be established in all sections of the Dominion. When the first contingents of disabled men returned, they were cared for in hospitals established in the larger cities of the East. The number of disabled men returning at present, however, makes it imperative that the work of the hospitals commission be broadened out on a Dominion wide scale.

One of the chief difficulties in returning the soldiers to hospitals in the locality of their homes, was the lack of facilities for transporting them from the sea inland. The Canadian Pacific Railway has solved this problem in a most satisfactory manner with a series of specially constructed hospital cars. These cars are now in operation under the direction of the Military Hospitals commission. As shown in the accompaning views, these new cars are provided with most of the essentials of a modern hospital ward.

All the necessary points for comfort and easy transport have been considered, as well as the facilities for rendering every medical assistance to the men while travelling. The cars were turned out on lines very similar to the original plans submitted to the Director-General of Supplies and Transport, with however, certain innovations found valuable by the French and British railways in transporting men from the front. There are three units of two cars each, making six cars in all, and the direction of the cars rests with the Hospitals Commission.

The composite car contains six cots in addition to quarters for medical officers and nurses

Each unit comprises what is known as a composite car and a ward car. The former contains six cots, in addition to the quarters for medical officers and nurses, while the latter car has accommodation for fourteen patients. Everything has been provided, not only for the comfort of the returned invalids, but for those in charge of the patients. The accommodation for the nurses is equivalent to that of a drawing-room on a standard sleeper, with a toilet room annex, upholstered in leather, and all possible train comforts.

Facilities have been provided for the storage of baggage, and there is also a kitchen attached, such as is contained in a tourist sleeper, to enable special foods to be provided for the wounded soldiers, when occasion arises. The medical officers' quarters are fitted in the form of a compartment with upper and lower berths, and a small dispensary.

The ward car consists of one large room the length of a standard sleeper, and lavatories at either end. Standard hospital cots are installed in both cars: the floors are covered with linoleum, and aisles carpeted. A special feature is the introduction of a "bad weather entrance." The composite cars have two side entrances in addition to the usual ones at each end. The side entrances, where the patients will be received, have been fitted with very heavy curtains which can be drawn closely in bad weather, thus affording ample protection from draughts to the patients already in the cars. The cars will be easily distinguished by the large Red Cross painted on either side of the words "Military Hospital."

Interior of the ward car of one of the new hospitals on wheels

"Mornin'! Guv'nor in ?" inquired a confident-looking stranger of a meek young man who stood weighing biscuits in a grocer's shop.

"Yes, sir."

"Um. You're advertising for a manager, I believe ?"

"Yes, we are."

"Present manager about anywhere ?"

"Well, I'm manager at present, sir."

"Ah ! That's good. Now, what sort of chap may the guv'nor be ? Old ?"

"About my own age."

"Had any trouble with him at all ?"

"Well, I can't say I have."

"Close-fisted screw, ain't he ?"

"Some people might call him so."

"Ah, well ! If I get on here and he tries any of his nonsense on me, he'll get his head in the sugar bin. Just give him my name, will you ?"

"Well, if you are applying for the situation, I'm taking on the new man."

"By Jove ! You are ? Now, I should like to get this shop. Think you could come to an immediate decision if I made it worth your while ?"

"Shouldn't wonder."

"Ah ! Now I s'pose we may consider it settled, eh ?" as he slipped a half-sovereign into the meek young man's hand.

"Yes," said that individual, as he quietly pocketed the coin. "Somehow I don't think you'd suit."

"Thunder ! Not suit; why, how's that ?"

"Well, you see, I happen to be the guv'nor myself."

—

"How is it you came home from your party so early last night, Susan ? Didn't you enjoy yourself ?"

"Yes, ma'am, but the young man as took me in to supper insulted me."

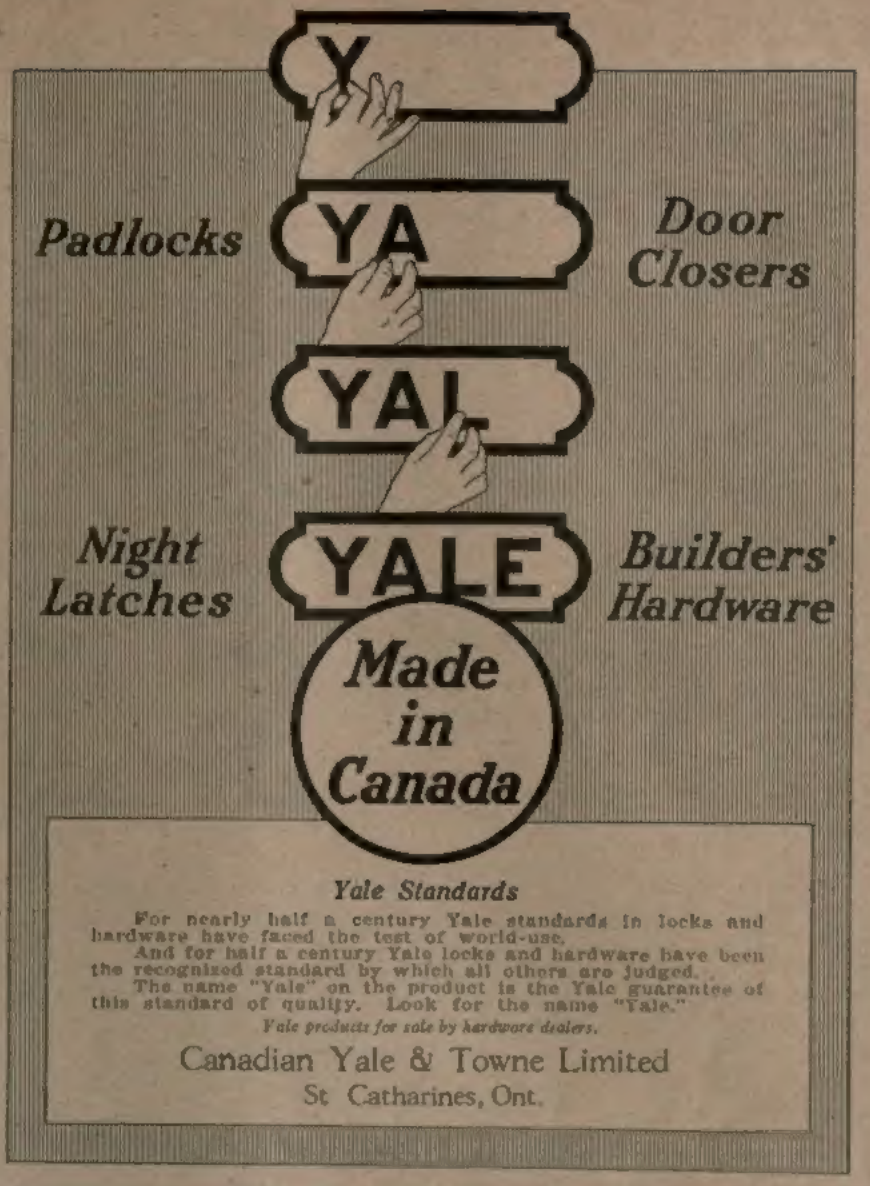
"Insulted you, Susan ! Why, what did he say ?"

"He asked me if my programme was full; and I'm sure I never had nothing but a sandwich and a glass of lemonade; so I came away home."

—

Settlement Worker: "My poor man, what's your answer to that vexing question, "are you poor because you drink, or do you drink because you're poor?" "

The Poor Man (with can of beer): "Far's I know, mum, I drink because I'm dry."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The more you know about coffee—and the more particular you are about aroma and flavor—the more you will appreciate 'SEAL BRAND' COFFEE. Once you have tried it, your choice will always be Chase & Sanborn's

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In ½, 1 and 2 pound tins. Whole—ground—pulverized—also fine ground for Percolators. Never sold in bulk.

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Spend five minutes this way tonight

Follow faithfully each step of the famous skin treatment described below & you can begin to give your skin the charm you have longed for

Never for an instant think that you must go through life with an unattractive complexion because it happens to be that way now. There's no girl on earth who can't have a prettier skin by trying!

Do you know that your skin changes every day in spite of you? That as *old* skin dies, *new* skin forms to take its place? And that your complexion will be just what you help this *new* skin to be as fast as it forms?

This is your opportunity

By the proper external treatment you can make this new skin just what you would love to have it. Or—by neglecting to give this new skin proper care as it forms every day you can keep your skin in its present condition and forfeit the charm of "a skin you love to touch." Which will you do? Will you begin at once to bring to your skin the charm you have longed for? Then spend five minutes tonight on the famous skin treatment below.

Make it a daily habit

Use this treatment once a day—either night or morning. Dip a cloth in warm water and hold it to the face until the skin is softened and damp. Now take a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, dip

Substitute a dash of ice water for the ice rub if your skin is sensitive.

it in water and go over your face *with the cake itself* just as a man does with a shaving stick. Then dip your hands in warm water and with the tips of your fingers work up a lather from the soap left on your face. Rub this cleansing, antiseptic lather thoroughly but gently into the pores of your skin, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold. If possible rub your face for a few minutes with a *piece of ice* before drying.

If your skin is thin or rather sensitive, substitute a dash of *ice water* for the application of the ice itself.

The first time you use this treatment you will realize the change it is going to make in your skin! Every day it frees your skin of the tiny, old dead particles. Then, it cleanses the pores, brings the blood to the surface and stimulates the small muscular fibres. It is very easy to use this treatment for a few days and then neglect it. But this will never make your skin what you would love to have it. Use the treatment *persistently* and in ten days or two weeks your skin should show a marked improvement—a promise of that greater clearness, freshness and *charm* which the daily use of Woodbury's will bring.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of a skin specialist. A 25c cake of Woodbury's is sufficient for a month or six weeks of the famous skin treatment given here. Tear out the cake below and put it in your purse as a reminder to get Woodbury's today and begin at once to make your skin what you would love to have it.

Send now for week's-size cake

For 4c we will send a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough for a week of this Woodbury skin treatment. For 10c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. Write today! Address **The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 2305 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario, Canada.**

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VOLUME Twenty-two NO. 1

CANADA MONTHLY

LONDON May 1917

Financing a War With Wheat

By Robert J. C. Stead

Illustrated from Photographs

NO lesson—not even the need of national defence—has been so driven home by the war as has the great fact of the dependence of all society upon the products of the soil. So long as the machinery of trade and production, well-oiled with the greatest distributing organization in history, moved smoothly in its journals, the relation of the farmer to the consuming public was more or less obscure. In fact, the time is not so far gone when the best known by-product of agriculture was the supposedly comic cartoon or squib which represented Silas or Hiram as antiquated mossbacks furnishing amusement to well-dressed city chaps of a quite superior intelligence. So long as the city man found his supplies of bread and butter, beef and bacon, milk, eggs and vegetables uninterrupted, his interest in the farmer was confined to the wheat pit or the possibilities of the agricultural classes as a market for his wares.

When William the Wilful cast his rock into the delicate machinery of production and distribution he smashed a lot of delusions that were overripe for smashing. No credit is intended to the War Lord. Out of evil may come good, but woe unto him by whom the evil cometh. And the woe is camping close on William's trail. It may be small comfort to his conscience to know that his rock shook Canada out of its lethargy of consuming and set it up on the sound basis of producing.

It is a trite thing to say that before the war Canada was living on borrowed money. Everybody knows that now. Every thinking person knew it then. But there has come a wonderful change in the point of view. Previous to 1914 it was quite the proper thing to live on borrowed money. Individuals did it; communities did it; provinces did it; the whole country was doing it—and rather proud of the accomplishment. The "live" towns were the towns of overworked blueprints — streets and watermains across the wilderness, bulging boundaries, ascending assessments, and the debenture habit of a care-free and optimistic people. The booster was abroad in the land. His chief quality was a profound appreciation of something which he was profoundly anxious to sell to some one else. Those who joined his hue-and-cry were "live wires." Those who clung to antiquated notions like producing something, working for a liv.

No lesson has been so driven home by the war as the great fact of the dependence of all society upon the products of the soil

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One-third of Alberta's arable land sown to wheat for one year, would pay off the national debt of the Dominion

ing, and paying as you go, were "dead ones."

There comes a time in the life of every man when, in the smash of some personal tragedy, he stares the realities in the face and knows that all previous experiences were a mirage. Such a time came to the people of Canada collectively in 1914. A free and virile people, strenuous in their material pursuits, but somewhat thoughtless on the more serious aspects of nation building, found themselves suddenly confronted with conditions not only unexpected, but undreamed. How they met that condition, and are to continue meeting it, cannot be told in an article, nor in many articles. It is the biggest thing in Canadian history. Herein we shall deal with only one phase of the re-adjustment, one small angle of that phase represented by the movement "back to the land."

The possibilities of the back to the land movement in Canada are better grasped when one appreciates the amount of land there is to go back to. If agriculture is the basic industry of all civilization surely Canada's future is founded upon a rock. The area of the provinces of Canada, (not including the territories and unorganized districts) is 1,401,316,413 acres. Of this area 109,777,085 acres, or 7.18 per cent. were occupied as farm land according to the census of 1911. There are within the provinces of Canada 440,951,000 acres of land suitable for farming purposes, *not including forest and swamp lands which may ultimately be tilled, nor northern areas of which the agricultural possibilities are at present unknown.* It will be seen from these figures that about 25 per cent. of Canada's farm land is now occupied, but it must be remembered that of the occupied area only 33 per cent. is under cultivation. In short, out of 440,000,000 acres of farm land only 36,000,000 acres, or about eight per cent., were under cultivation at the time of the 1911 census.

The foregoing refers to the provinces of all Canada. When it is localized to the Western provinces the proportions are still more striking. In Alberta, for instance, there are 105,217,000 acres of land suitable for agriculture. The acreage under grain crop in 1916 was 3,375,280—a little better than three per cent. Yet this three per cent. of Alberta's productive soil produced in 1916 36,000,000 bushels of wheat worth approximately $54,000,000.00; 75,000,000 bushels of oats worth $37,500,000.00; 5,000,000 bushels of barley worth $5,000,000.00; and other grain crops of an approximate value of $2,500,000.00;—a total grain production of $99,000,000.00. These, it may be said, are most conservative estimates, and fall far below the figures given out by the Provincial Statistician. In addition to grain crops there were $6,000,000.00 worth of potatoes, $29,000,000.00 worth of livestock, and $12,500,000.00 worth of dairy products. And this was produced with less than four per cent. of Alberta's arable area under cultivation.

It has been computed that if Alberta were cultivated on the scale of intensity which prevailed in Belgium before the war the province would support an agricultural population of fifty millions—half the present population of the United States of America. Calculations as to what Alberta would produce under such circumstances are rather staggering. The average wheat yield of Alberta for the last ten years has been 20.19 bushels per acre. If the 105,217,000 arable acres in the province were sown to wheat they would, therefore, produce in an average season a crop of 2,224,331,230 bushels, and the value of such a crop, at present prices, would be three times the estimated national debt of Canada at the close of the war. In other words, one-third of Alberta's arable land, sown to wheat for one year, would pay off the national debt of the Dominion.

Such calculations show clearly enough the aggregate possibilities of one western province, but the reader is doubtless more interested in the individual possibilities to which he can look forward. And these are more difficult to define, as, in dealing with individuals, the human element is not subject to the law of average. In Western Canada, as elsewhere, the human element is the greatest factor in determining success or failure. Conclusions can only be based upon what has already been accomplished by others. Read these sentences:

W. J. Winstead, who settled near Brooks, Alberta, in March, 1916, gives this account of his experiences:

"I have threshed altogether 7,000 bushels of No. 1 Northern wheat from two hundred acres, which went from 24 to 56 bushels per acre—sod breaking 24, spring plowing 36, back-setting 56—the average being 35 bushels per acre. This crop was finished seeding May 19th. I seeded 25 acres oats, finished June 10th, also 13½ acres of barley in the same field—threshed 2,030 bushels oats, a fraction better than 80 bushels per acre, and 702 bushels of barley, which went 52 bushels per acre. From May 19th, to June 10th, I had one four-horse team breaking the remainder of my sod, which was 36 acres. This 36 acres I disked and harrowed several times, packed and finished seeding June 10th, to flax. Not being familiar with flax, I

On three per cent. of Alberta's productive soil crops to the value of $99,000,000 were grown in 1916

only seeded one-third of a bushel per acre, which should have been not less than half a bushel. I threshed 670 bushels, approximately 18½ bushels per acre.

"Seven thousand bushels of wheat, all Number 1 Northern, two thousand bushels of oats, 670 bushels of flax, 700 bushels of barley—all at market prices—well, figure this out for yourself at the market price. I sold 3,100 bushels of wheat at $1.74⅛, am holding the remainder for $2.00. Also all the oats, barley and flax for higher prices. In addition to this I had a contract with the C. P. R. Department of Natural Resources, for $1,000, and I received a similar amount from C. W. Long, for seeding, plowing, harvesting, etc. My labor and all other indebtedness is less than $2,000. I landed in Brooks, March 18th, 1916, with one car of household effects, and nine head of good horses, and less than $500 in cash. I have put $1,500 worth of improvements on my farm. I have 31 head of cattle, 16 head of horses, debts all paid, a new automobile, and a good stiff bank account. At present prices, I can cash in for $16,000. I am well satisfied, and expect to double this next year."

Was Mr. Winstead's experience exceptional? Possibly; but not altogether exceptional, either, as may be judged from the many news items appearing in Alberta local papers in recent months. Note these examples.

New Dayton, Alberta.—W. L. Shields reports threshing an average of 51½ bushels from eighty-two acres, sod plowed. This land was bought at ten dollars an acre—will show net profit this year—five thousand dollars from eighty-two acres.

Compeer, Alta.—J. Ikle has threshed 200 acres of oats which yielded an average of 125 bushels per acre, which, at present prices, means about $62.50 per acre.

Lethbridge, Alta.—John C. Bass reports an average yield of 55 bushels of wheat per acre on 334 acres.

Nobleford, Alta.—Mrs. A. R. Coe has obtained 21 bushels to the acre on 100 acres of flax, 58½ bushels of wheat to the acre on 115 acres, and slightly over 100 bushels of oats per acre.

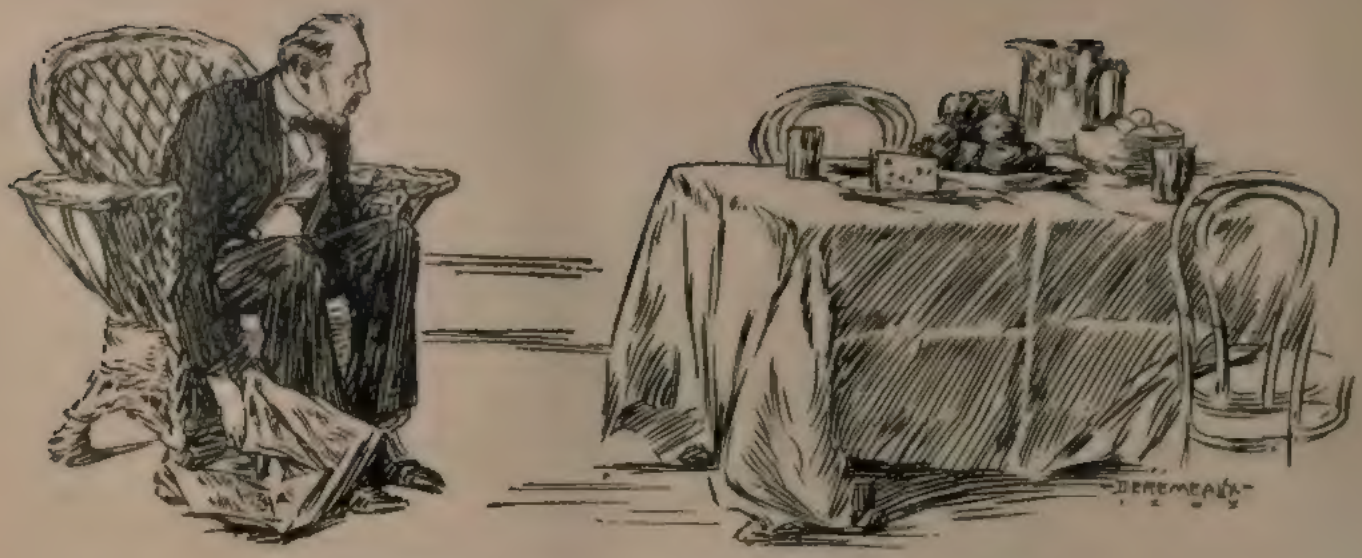
Macleod, Alta.—W. H. Glass, has threshed over 45 bushels of wheat per acre. Mr. Glass has during the past two years received from one quarter section of land over $12,000 for wheat alone. He had left for California, where he will spend the winter.

This entire issue of *Canada Monthly* could be filled with similar instances, but space permits only one more example. F. F. Fox, an Ohio school teacher, reached the conclusion that his future lay not in pedagogy, but on an Alberta farm. In five months he produced a crop worth seven thousand dollars. Read his story in his own words:

"I came to Alberta in June, 1916, from Ohio, where I had been teaching in a village school; realizing that this

Continued on page 43.

It has bee computed that if Alberta were cultivated on the scale of intensity which prevailed in Belgium before the war, the Province would support an agricultural population of fifty millions



I've never yet seen Uncle Solon so sick that he couldn't eat a hearty meal

Uncle Solon's Stomach

By Mary Heaton Vorse

Illustrated by Irma Deremeaux

NOTHING shocked me so dreadfully when I first came to live in my uncle Solon's family as to see how indifferent the children felt about their father's health, but now that I have been here a little while, I have become indifferent myself, because you get used to a person's being sick all the time just as you do to anything else sad in life. And then, the longer I live here, the less I can keep from wondering if Uncle Solon is as sick as he thinks he is, and whether, if he didn't stop thinking of his ailments, they would trouble him so much.

It's his stomach that's the matter with him; but in spite of its being so troublesome, I've never yet seen Uncle Solon so sick that he couldn't eat a hearty meal; and then afterwards he groans about it. So I've become as callous as the rest; when Uncle Solon says after supper, "That cake sets very heavy," I don't look up from my book.

When I first came, I was so sympathetic that he told me all his symptoms, and everything that he had taken for his attacks for the last fifteen years, which was very embarrassing from an uncle that one has hardly seen. We were never allowed to speak of our stomachs by mamma. She said there were two things that a gentlewoman never referred to; one was her poverty and the other was her stomach.

Aunt Matilda takes Uncle Solon's ups and downs seriously. She's just as excited about every fresh attack as the children are indifferent, and spends evenings arguing with him about having a doctor, and fixing him hot drinks, and getting him to try different remedies. She says to the girls before he comes home,

"I do hope your father's luncheon will have agreed with him."

I've never heard any of them answer her, or take the slightest interest, except when Pauline said:

"I wish to goodness, ma, you'd let us get out from under the shadow of papa's stomach some time!"

Poor Aunt Matilda was so shocked at this that it touched Pauline's heart, and she went out to the kitchen and made peach flapdoodle for dinner, which she makes very well; then Uncle Solon ate so much of it that Aunt Matilda had to spend the evening putting hot compresses on him.

I tell all this here because you'll understand better the great importance of the few words which Melly let drop when I came back from the art school about two weeks ago. She looked up with her little, round face, and said:

"Papa's never going to be sick again."

Then she read out of a book which was spread open on the bed:

"Fill in centre of flower with chain stitch."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Mamma's found a way to cure him," Melly answered, looking over to the magazine again to see just how the needle was placed in the picture to make a certain stitch, and pulling it through exactly like it. "Mamma's got a new book about eating, and she's gone out to get the things it tells you you ought to have. It isn't indigestion that's the matter with him, it's his fat—and that's got to come off. Mamma said so. She read it in the book," Melly added conclusively.

"What do you mean?" I asked, "when you say that Aunt Matilda's gone out to get the things the book tells you you ought to eat?"

Melly took three stitches before she answered. Then all she said was, "I don't know."

Melly is my youngest cousin and I room with her. She is eleven years old, and a very good little thing—much better than her sister Gladys, who is sometimes very exasperating, although she has a great deal of good in her, and for some reason I can't help being fonder of her than I am of Melly.

It would be a very glorious thing in-

deed for all of us if Uncle Solon could be cured, because, as Pauline said that day she got angry, we live in the shadow of Uncle Solon's—bad health. When he is comparatively well, we enjoy ourselves, but the times when he isn't, both he and Aunt Matilda are so wrapped in gloom, and they talk so constantly about every symptom, that although the children seem callous, yet none of them escapes the depressing influence.

You might say that my Uncle Solon's health is the barometer which measures the happiness of this household. No one could be happy, even supposing you couldn't hear Uncle Solon groaning, when Aunt Matilda comes out looking like some 1830 actress do a Greek play, holding up a long finger and saying:

"H-s-s-h! Your father's very bad to-night."

I went out to the front room, where Gladys was. She looked up from the evening paper and said:

"He's confessed! I knew he did it all along. But if *I'd* killed anybody, and had kept from confessing for as long as that, I wouldn't have confessed ever. What's the good? Men act so silly!"

"I hear auntie's found a way to cure Uncle Solon," I told her. I never encourage her to talk about the awful things she's so fond of reading in the papers.

"It's going to be fierce, isn't it?" said Gladys. She stuck her head into the paper again. "How much do you suppose it would cost," she said, "to get this lotion for removing freckles made?"

If Gladys had the money, she'd have every one of the beauty lotions made up that are printed in the daily papers. She loves to smear things on her face—otherwise she's perfectly careless of her personal appearance.

I didn't understand what she meant by saying wasn't it "fierce," and I asked her.

"You haven't lived through," she explained, "any of father's cures. We have—and *that's* all we have done!"

"Gladys," I replied, "I don't think you take the interest in your poor father's health that you ought to."

Just here Aunt Matilda came in.

"I heard what you said, Daisy," she told me, "and I'm very glad to have you say it. The children—none of them—realize their poor father's sufferings. I suppose it's like childhood to get used to anything, but when I think what Solon was when I first knew him, and what he is to-day and has been for the last ten years, my heart bleeds—*I* never get used to it. Oh, how often I say to your uncle: 'If you'd only been born up in Massachusetts instead of in Pennsylvania!'

Uncle Solon crept wearily into the room

Oh, my dear, it's a wonder that any of those Pennsylvania Dutch people live to tell the tale! Where *I* came from it's a land of plain living and high thinking; and I tell Solon where he comes from it seems to be a land of high living and no thinking. It was lucky for your poor dear mother's constitution that she married young and moved to New England. Many a time I've asked my relatives for recipes of things—I will say they do taste awfully good—and they always began with, 'Take a quart of cream and a dozen eggs,' and you know for yourself that no stomach can possibly endure when every blessed thing that's put into it is based on a quart of cream and a dozen eggs—or if it isn't, it's something rich and fried—and all awfully good! Well, that's the life your poor uncle lived for years and years, and it shows what a splendid constitution he has that he isn't in his grave to-day—and when you add to that a tendency to put on fat——!"

While she was talking, my aunt Matilda had put down several parcels and had untied her veil. While she was talking, Gladys poked into the packages.

"Goody!" she said. "You've bought lots of nuts and fruit—lots of salad, too. What made you get so much salad — everybody hates salad."

"That," said Aunt Matilda impressively, "is what we're going to live on in the future."

"Guess again!" Gladys exclaimed. "When I eat I like to eat food, not hay!"

Aunt Matilda ignored her daughter's remark.

"Yes," she said, "primitive man lived on uncooked foods. He was always healthy. There are available to us more uncooked foods than there were to him, with milk, raw eggs, delicious salads, fruits, and nuts—all the world could revert, if it wanted to, to a perfect diet. That's what we're going to do. That's how your poor father is going to be cured. Cheeses, which are nitrogenous, take the place of meat. On this diet, no superfluous fat can possibly be gathered."

Gladys listened with perfect seriousness to her mother's description of the menu. When Aunt Matilda had finished she announced with deep conviction:

"Gee! This is the worst yet!"

"And the best of this diet," her mother went on, "is its delicious qualities."

"Huh!" snorted Gladys.

At the time I was very much impressed. Telling this in retrospect, as I am, I can't pretend to put the feeling into it that I had when my aunt first told me. After I had heard her talk a while, I felt that the troubles of the family were solved forever, and that Uncle Solon was to be a saved man from that day, and that we should all live to be a hundred if we only ate uncooked food, although even then, under the contagion of her enthusiasm, it didn't look very attractive to me, nor so very nourishing either. Things in parcels don't.

My aunt talked on enthusiastically until Gladys broke in with:

"Do you mean that's *all* we're going to have to eat—*all*," she asked, pointing her finger at the packages with a gesture as dramatic as Aunt Matilda's;

"no meat—no potatoes—no dessert—nothing, *nothing* but that—that'n raw eggs?"

Just here there was the click of a latchkey and Pauline came in. Pauline is eighteen and very pretty—sometimes I think she is too pretty. She looks like the photographs of girls that you see on the outside of Sunday papers. Gladys broke the news to her with:

"We're all going to be starved to death again!"

Pauline dropped onto a sofa.

"You don't mean that you've found another cure for father?" she asked, discouraged.

"You don't know what it means," she continued, turning to me, "when mother gets a cure for father. We all get awful things. One time our food gave us hives. Another time we nearly died with eating some awful hay cereal, another time it was a water cure, and we drank and drank until I felt like an artesian well."

Here Aunt Matilda began all over again all about the nutritious quality of raw food while Pauline fixed her hair in the glass. She has a great quantity of hair, all her own, and she fixes it so it looks like the hair you buy and pin on.

Finally she said:

"Well, mother, it seems to spell 'empty stomach' to me, but if you think that it will help father——"

At this Gladys broke forth indignantly:

"Go ahead and do the dutiful daughter—do! You get lunch down-town; you'll fill up on great hunks of steak. But I get three meals at home—not that I call salad 'n' fruit *meals*! I'm a growing girl, that's what I am, and I get awful hungry — I'm awfully hungry this minute, and if that's what I'm going to have for dinner——!"

"Gladys, as soon as your stomach has shrunk to its normal size," said my aunt, "more food than that which this book prescribes will seem nauseous to you."

"*Any* of that food seems nauseous to me!" replied Gladys, with the impertinence of despair.

"What does father say to this?" Pauline inquired.

"Your father doesn't know about it yet," replied Aunt Matilda. "It'll be a happy surprise for him when he comes home."

It wasn't very long before Uncle Solon crept wearily into the room. Not one of us but could have told what his remark was going to be by the expression of his face. This was:

"Nothing seems to sit now!"

He wore that jaded office look that I notice on the faces of so many men here, who first trouble with the office all day and then come home hanging from straps. Before Aunt Matilda could speak, Glady's shrilled:

"She's got another cure!"

Uncle Solon sank heavily into the Morris chair, and put his face in his hands.

"That's what I say too!" cried Gladys.

"Hush, Gladys!" Aunt Matilda commanded sternly. And she told it all over again, and just as dramatically.

Uncle Solon didn't move. At last he lifted his tired face to my aunt and said:

"It's never done any better on queer foods than on any other kind."

"Oh, this time it's no food at all," Gladys told him.

"If I had the slightest hope, if I had the slightest hope, Matilda, there isn't anything I wouldn't eat. But you know, and I know, that as far as *It* is concerned, hope is dead for me."

'Aunt Matilda looked down on her youngest child, worried and helpless

Pauline started to her room, saying to me:

"At first he always acts like that about it."

As soon as he was a little bit rested, Uncle Solon got over his despair at the thought of being cured, and even asked a few questions, and when we got to the table, and the theory was put into practice, he made a few feeble protests like, "I felt that some hot soup would be soothing."

I shall never forget that meal. Rob came in just as we were sitting down. He glanced at the table and at all of us, and said:

"Stung again!" which was the only remark he made, except to say, "*I* will never eat raw eggs."

Each of us solemnly ate salad and nuts. Afterwards we each had an apple.

Melly was the only one who made no disagreeable comment. She ate what was put before her, as her mother said, "like a little lady," but it seemed to me that her round face shrunk in size, and that her eyes rested piteously on the Life Food.

I woke next morning with a feeling that something disagreeable had happened, and then I remembered what it was. It was that we were to have practically no breakfast. Instead of the pot of steaming coffee, there was the table set with more raw eggs, cheese, and a great big pile of apples, which looked insultingly round and red. They were flanked by a cold, unfriendly pitcher of milk.

The cook is a long, lean lachrymose creature, who has seen better days, and she moved around the room groaning things to herself, "I never seen the like—they're crazy!"

It was not a cheerful manner of beginning the day.

Nobody knows how great a part food plays in their lives until they haven't any. As the days followed one another, with their horrid procesession of raw things, I found myself thinking of meals I had eaten. I dreamed of shortcake at night. If you've never tried it, you can't know how desolate it is to to sit down at a table and see nothing but cheese and fruit — never anything good and hot, never anything before you that you want to eat, and yet to be so hungry that you could eat anything at all. Besides it was very bad for my art.

Now that it's over, I'm glad I have been through it, because it taught me a great many things. Ever since then I've been able to understand history better, because I know how fanatics act and the curious strength that they have to buoy them up, for Aunt Matilda acted this way. She declared she felt years younger, and called our attention to how much better we all were looking and especially Uncle Solon; and really, he did seem to suffer very much less.

I sat down and ate all the doughnuts and bananas

The children got crosser and crosser. Every day there were outbreaks about something. One day when I came in there was an awful row going on between the lachrymose cook and Aunt Matilda.

"Small blame to her," the cook was saying, when I came in "if she did steal the half pig's head on me! But I can't stay no longer in a house and see little children starved! If I was doing my duty, and it wasn't for coming up in the police court, I'd go to the Gerry Society—yes, ma'am, I would! I'm leavin' now, and I'll send for my trunk to-morrow. I won't stay in a house where there isn't any victuals cooked except my own, and them stole on me by hungry children—fit to make your heart break!"

The children all took her departure with philosophy, merely remarking.

"They all leave when father's getting cured. They none of them can stand it."

The thing that discouraged me was that Uncle Solon continued to look better and get thinner, and was very cheerful about himself for him. I say "discouraged" because I didn't see any end to the health food. Although I bought cream puffs and things outside, they didn't help me very much. What I longed for was a fine big beefsteak, or a comfortable roast of the sort we used to have before Uncle Solon was being cured. I found myself stopping in front of restaurant windows, looking at [illegible]

"Look here, ma," Rob protested after dinner one day, "you've got to cut it out. I can't stand it any longer. If I'm going to keep on going to school, I've got to eat something. Pauline and I, we're going to take a stand! You've got to have food for us, what-[illegible]

"You know well enough," Aunt Matilda replied, "that if we have any other food on the table your father's sure to eat it—it's his one vice; he can't control himself in the presence of a dish he likes. It was the way he was brought up. You haven't heard your father say 'stomach' for days."

"I'll bet you," Rob grumbled, "that pa gets a whaling big meal down town at noon, and one meal a day's all he ought to eat. The doctor always said so, and so he doesn't care. But we need three meals a day, and we're going to strike. We've got to have them!"

"How can you say such things about your father!" cried my aunt, now roused for the first time. "Your father takes a supply of fruit with him for lunch every day."

"Ask him!" said Rob, with a knowing look.

Uncle Solon was reading the evening paper, and didn't give the slightest sign of having heard this conversation; and I noticed that Aunt Matilda didn't ask Uncle Solon anything about lunch, and in some ways my aunt is a very tactful woman. Instead, she turned the children's attention away from their father [illegible]ing.

"You make me ashamed of you, Rob! Look at your little sister Molly. She makes no complaint. She eats her food and says nothing, and she's the youngest of you all. She's *glad* to help her father along."

"Yes, look at Molly," said Bob. "She looks sick, if you ask me!"

We all looked at Molly. She *was* a very queer color.

"She feels perfectly well," asserted Aunt Matilda. "Don't you, Molly, dear?"

At this Molly rushed from the room. Aunt Matilda followed her anxiously. In a moment I heard her calling for me. I went in, and so did Pauline. Molly was a very sick little girl indeed. Aunt Matilda looked down on her youngest child, worried and helpless.

"It's one of her gastric attacks. But how, on the healthy diet we've been having, she could get a gastric attack, I don't know. Have you been eating anything between meals, Molly, dear?"

Molly is usually a placid child, as I have told you, and a good one, but this question of her mother's stung even her spirit into rebellion. Between gasps and groans she cried:

"'Between meals!' Between meals! When have we had any meals? I couldn't eat anything between meals. There ain't any meals to eat anything between!"

Uncle Solon joined us. He can't bear to have anything the matter with any of the children.

"I think I'll telephone for the doctor, mother."

"It isn't in the least necessary, father," replied Aunt Matilda. "It's just one of Molly's gastric attacks, which I can perfectly handle myself."

Uncle Solon, however, plodded gravely out and took down the receiver, and pretty soon the doctor was there. I notice that when he does come, Aunt Matilda is as glad to see him as anybody.

"What food," he wanted to know, "has this child been eating?"

"That's the queer part of it, doctor," said Aunt Matilda. "I don't understand it at all. She's been eating nothing but the most healthful food."

"Not been having any cures around lately?" the doctor asked with a suspicious look. "No, no breakfast fad, no cereal craze? I notice Mr. Shoemaker looks pretty well, and I thought you might have been starving him a little lately. If you could just keep him from eating so much—"

Here Rob laughed a bitter laugh.

"Eating so much! We haven't had a square meal for weeks. We kids haven't; but bet your life pa hits the grub when he's down town!"

"*Robert!*" cried Aunt Matilda, scandalized.

"Raw eggs an' cheese is what we've been eating, doctor and apples!" said Rob.

"No wonder!" the doctor exclaimed, "that that child's stomach is upset. Salad and apples for a growing child! It's all very well for you, Mrs. Shoemaker, and your husband, to eat, bu[illegible]

Continued on page 16

The Gregory Morton Mystery

By Charles Cabot

Illustrated by Marjory Mason

CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

He growled a little at that—a city cabman never relishes excursions into the country—and said something about the color of my money.

"You shall be paid," said I—"paid so well that you will forget you have ever been to Mettray."

That little hint of mystery went straight to his heart. He grinned in perfect comprehension

"*Allons, monsieur,*" said he.

I was no longer seated on the box, but on the cramped little extra seat facing the one occupied by Virginia and her father. His condition did not seem to be growing any more serious, and, indeed, several times during the course of our drive he roused himself sufficiently to take part in our conversation; but even during those moments of comparative brightness he did not seem disturbed or even puzzled by my presence in the carriage.

As Virginia's alarm about his condition lessened, I noticed her casting an occasional anxious glance down the road behind us

"There is nothing to be apprehended from that quarter," said I. "We were safe from our wall-eyed friend, the lodge-keeper, the moment we got around the first bend of the road. He has reflected that I would certainly go to the Tours station to recover my hand-bag, and has hurried down there as fast as his legs will carry him to wait for me.

"It will be hours before he even suspects that he has gone off on a false scent, and when he does he will never think of Mettray. There is a very decent little inn there where we can make your father quite comfortable, and as soon as that is attended to I will telegraph my doctor to come down from Paris in his automobile."

She glanced at her father dozing beside her.

"Do you think he will relish having so heavy a demand made upon him she asked. "I feel that I have trespassed quite as far on the forbearance of strangers to-day—"

"Strangers?" I interrupted. "Well – I will not challenge the word now."

Synopsis

A smartly dressed young man, seated upon a bench under a sturdy old shade tree, arose suddenly, stretched himself and asked: "Where am I?"

"Just one moment and I will bring Dr. Berry," the one addressed finally managed to stutter.

"Dr. Berry—hospital—guard—why am I here? What is my name? Where did I come from?" The young man looked wistfully after the guard. He could remember nothing about himself. Dr. Berry told him that his name was Andrew Meiklejohn and that he had been employed as a house painter when he had suffered a fall. Whoever he was, the young man knew that Dr. Berry was lying. He was convinced of this when later that day Dr. Berry gave him drugged food. Confined in a small upper room of what he figured was a sanitarium, the patient set to work to figure out a method and avenue of escape. Finding paper in a drawer, he spent more than an hour in writing. Hiding his manuscript under the mattress he settled down to await developments. Dr. Berry came within a few minutes to inquire regarding his health and to order him for a walk in the park surrounding the sanitarium. This was exactly what the patient wanted—to be released from the building and out in the open, even if under a heavy guard. By means of some Oriental tricks the patient overpowered his two guards, took what money they had, jumped over the wall and was once more a free man. Taking train back to New York City, the patient wandered about for several days and finally wound up at Coney Island, where chance gave him a job as a piano player at a "board walk" cafe

Here he is recognized and captured by Duggleby, who apparently is determined to return the patient to the sanitarium. A French doctor rescues him by a daring trick. Becoming interested in his case, the doctor christens him "Simon Barras" and takes him to France, hoping to find there clues to his identity. On the steamer are the lady of his dreams, and her father. He speaks to them and is informed that if he is the man they think he is, he is a scoundrel. In France his instinct leads him to Tours, where he sees the chateau of which he had dreamed, and knows that it must be his old home. As he leaves, Barras meets the "lady of his dreams," Virginia Heatherfield, and her father. They are in search of Christopher Morton, the owner of the chateau.

The moment I had spoken the words I regretted them, for they kindled in her eyes that same look, that same wild, incredible surmise which I had seen there once before

"And he will be coming for me quite as much as for you," said I, "for I feel the need of his wisdom and his intelligence as much as I ever felt it before—which is saying more than you can possibly realize."

A tremulous little sigh of weariness escaped her lips.

"I can't understand," she said. "My whole world seems to be whirling around to-day."

"I know," I answered—I know that sensation perhaps better than any other man alive. All we can do is hold fast to our courage and go forward in the dark. I have been doing that these many weeks. I have seen many a false dawn, and I am still waiting for the day to break. Yet some day it will break, I feel confident of that—for me and yours, too."

She was leaning forward in her seat before I finished—leaning forward and looking at me with an intensity which threatened to annihilate the iron control I had put upon myself. Now was not the time to tell my story. That must wait. But her eyes were still on mine, and their gaze seemed to search the very bottom of my soul.

"Who are you?" she asked, her voice trembling with unconcealed excitement. "You must tell me who you are."

"Ah," I answered, with what was almost a sob, "that I do not know."

Her father roused from his doze just then, and put an end to our conversation, and from that moment until we got into Mettray we talked about the gold-green valleys, the lines of slender poplars, their tops golden in the light of the declining sun, the streams and pools and great black-belted cattle, the lovely landscape of the Touraine that passed before our eyes as we drove on.

Before I dismissed our driver at the door of the little inn, I paid him with a liberality which not only insured his silence regarding us, in the unlikely case that he was questioned, but also wakened the warm interest of the *concierge* who had come out from his cubby-hole to assist us to alight. In his mind it counteracted fully the drawback of our having arrived without luggage.

It required the combined efforts of the landlord and myself to get Mr. Heatherfield up the steep stairs to his

chamber, for he was almost a dead weight, and no incon[illegible] somewhat, and we were ab[illegible] him to Virginia's ministrati[illegible]

The moment I was relieved I [illegible] the telegraph-office and sent off m[illegible] message to the doctor. I asked him [illegible] come at once, and suggested th[illegible] travel in his automobile.

That done, I visited two or three shops and purchased such articl[illegible] would enable us all [illegible] luggage. Then, followed by [illegible] I [illegible]

I [illegible] with the intel[illegible] [illegible] had returned. I [illegible]

"and he seems to be perfectly comfortable. When he awakens I [illegible] good n[illegible]

"Good news?" I said somewhat surprised. "What news can have reached you here?"

"It was by a strange chance," she said. "That newspaper was lying on the center table. The maid who had cleaned up the room was going to carry it away with her, when I noticed that it was printed in English and told her to leave it. I thought it would keep me company while I was waiting for you to come back."

I took it up and examined it. It was the Paris edition of the New York *Herald*, with yesterday's date-line. She pointed out a single paragraph in one of its chronicles of the movement[illegible]

"You may read it," she said, "but oh, you cannot imagine what it will [illegible]

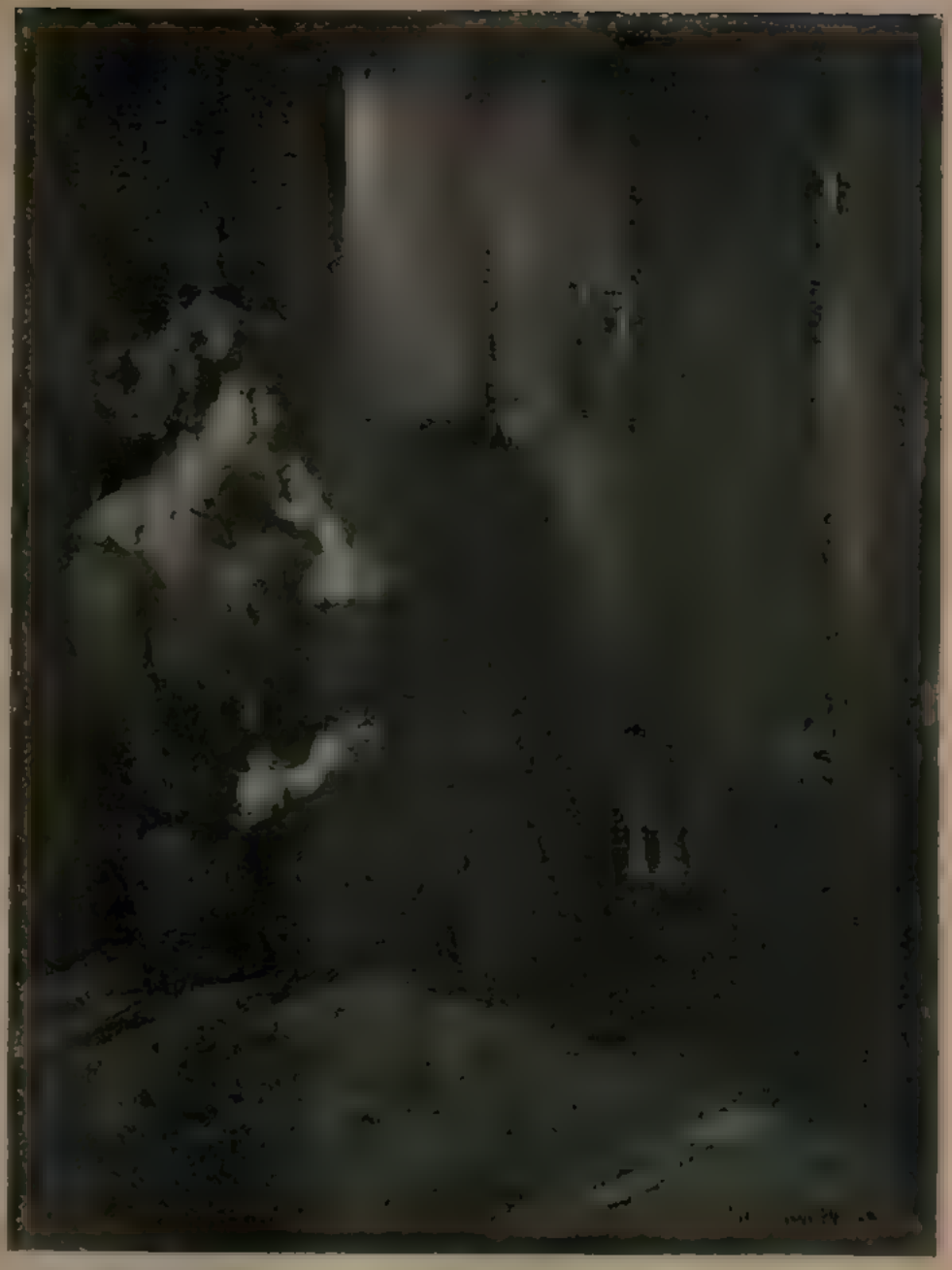
I read it, and then for a moment I turned my face away from her. My hopeful cards was demolished indeed. It read:

Mr. Christopher Morton, who [illegible] [illegible] retirement and the death [illegible] mother, people this week [illegible] Paris and [illegible] the Ritz Hotel. Mr. Morton is [illegible] under the terms of [illegible] with the prince [illegible] Christopher Morton of New York.

CHAPTER XVI

THE SPY

Of course, I had known that Christopher Morton was in Paris now, since he had posted all my letters to that address; but I should be glad to say Virginia had forgotten, but so it evidently was. The tragic



Virginia's appearance reassured me. She was sitting quietly by the window, one hand resting in her lap

look was gone out of her eyes now, and hope had taken its place. Her voice actually had a cheerful ring about it.

In the face of this transformation I could not make any argument. Indeed, I must confess to a feeling of relief. It was a great thing to see her thus, and I was willing to take any chance that might bring her to this state.

[illegible] society—a feeling almost of intimacy, a cozy, homelike feeling which was at once natural and yet quite out of the ordinary. [illegible] not at my ease, and I think [illegible] Virginia [illegible]

[illegible] work of an hour or two, [illegible] [illegible] all the [illegible] [illegible] and it needed only [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

Never is a pretty big word," she [illegible]

Not for me," said I. Then, with the look she gave me I realized that I had given exactly what I had meant not to do. And I put an end to our little [illegible] and opened the door into the chamber of [illegible] which we were both eager yet afraid to explore.

I don't understand," she said, "how never can be anything but a big word to a man of your age, to a man with the lines about his eyes which I see so clearly about yours."

And yet," said I, "it is true that never, in my case, covers a period of a little less than a month."

Her eyes were searching mine with an eagerness which even the strangeness of my words could hardly account for.

You told me in the carriage that you did not know who you were," she murmured. "You said you wished to ask me questions, but they would have to wait. Is not this the time for them?"

I pressed my hands against my temples and closed my eyes. Presently I looked up at her again.

I want you to know my story," said I, "but I don't want you to hear it from my lips. I want it told to you in a more detached way than I could tell it. I want it told you by a man whose disinterestedness [illegible] and whose perfect sanity—you cannot possibly doubt."

Her eyes widened at that, and I saw, even at the mention of the word, the look come into them which I dreaded to see, the look of half-frightened surmise.

I smiled rather bitterly.

No, I am not mad," said I, "but you can understand, I think, why I hesitate to tell you my story, at least without the support of the man who knows it even better than I do."

Where is that man?" she asked.

He's coming to us now, as fast as his automobile can carry him. He is the French doctor I spoke to you about. You won't have to wait very long for him. Can't you tell me about yourself while we are waiting for him?"

Father is an inventor," said Virginia. "Not the sort of an inventor who lives in a garret and thinks that he is about to discover perpetual motion. He's a real inventor, a man who discovers things. The things he discovers are really valuable and men pay a lot of money for the right to use them. Ten years ago, we were what any one but a millionaire would call rich. Certainly we had enough."

It was about that time that he found himself on the track of the greatest discovery of all, something about the chemistry of steel. He had found a way to make it a great deal stronger, a great deal tougher. Of course, that meant that you would not have to use nearly so much of it to get the same results. You could make armor for battle-ships, for instance, out of quite thin plates of it.'

I am afraid, I must confess, that only about half my mind was on her story. Not because I was not interested; there was no estimating what the story she had begun to tell might mean to me. But the mere presence of her there, the wonder of her, the magic of the mere sound of the words she used [illegible] sort of a spell over me.

She was leaning forward, her elbows on the table, her clasped hands lying upon it. I reached over and gently took one little hand in mine. For a moment she let it lie there, and then withdrew it. I thrust back my chair, and walking over to the window, stood staring at my own reflection in the black pane.

"Oh, I wish he could tell it to you," she said, with a little gesture of impatience; "I can't make it sound interesting. I am too ignorant to talk about it."

"That was not why I walked away," said I. "Go on. You may be sure that I am listening."

"Well," she said, "he found the thing he was looking for, found that it would

I reached over and gently took one little hand in mine. For a moment she let it lie there, and then withdrew it

do all he had hoped from it, and even more. It would revolutionize, he used to say, the whole science of engineering, but it applied most particularly, he thought and other people agreed with him, to the building of large ships.

"Of course, any such a discovery like that wants a lot of proving, so he went to Liverpool, where the great ship-owners had their special laboratory. He was known to Mr. Morton, and told Mr. Morton that is—for a great many years, so it was to the Morton-Duggleby Company that he went with the news of his discovery. But Mr. Morton had retired from his active connection with the business then, and the men father talked to about it were Mr. Duggleby and his son.

"They were greatly interested, of course, for father's word in a matter of that sort carried a great deal of weight. Still, they professed themselves to be very cautious, wanting new tests, and tests on a larger scale all the time. And at last father got to thinking they were not acting in perfectly good faith."

I laughed shortly, and Virginia cast a quick, puzzled glance at me.

"The sound of the words 'Duggleby' and 'good faith' in such close connection is almost startling," said I. "That's why I laughed."

"You know them?" she asked in astonishment.

"To my cost," said I, "but that will come out later. Go on; I don't mean to interrupt you."

"I suppose it is partly my fault," said she, "that father didn't come to that conclusion sooner.

"I knew very little about what he was doing. He seemed [illegible] it never occurred to me that he could need me, and then—well, I was pretty well taken up with other things. I thought I was being very philanthropic and charitable and all that, working among the poor people at Cleveport, teaching in night-schools, and busying myself with a lot of things while—"

I did not hear how she finished the sentence. The words [illegible] forgotten. It [illegible] bringing into my mind of a shabby room, a disused store it must have been, [illegible] by the show-window which I remembered at the front of it. I felt quite sure, somehow, that I had been there, too. I resolutely banished the picture from my mind, however, and concentrated my attention on what she was saying.

[illegible] I had found both the Duggleby [illegible] of the [illegible] to [illegible] The [illegible] knew all the [illegible] of his discovery, and [illegible] that he had held back from them were the one substance—a reagent, I think, is the word for it—that was essential to make it complete.

"It was not until he had gone so far that he became convinced that they did not mean to pay him for his discovery, if they could help it. They meant to steal his secret if they could.

"By that time, though I didn't know it until the crash came, we were almost as poor as the kind of inventor I told you my father was not. The tests on which the Dugglebys had insisted had been immensely expensive, and father had put about everything he had into them."

"You say they tried to steal his secret," said I, and now my own voice was trembling with excitement. "I should think that would have been a pretty difficult thing to do. How did they set about it?"

At my question, she turned in her chair and sat looking at me with a strange intensity.

"There was a man," she said, "a young man who had been working with me among the poor people in Cleveport—a young man whom my father trusted implicitly and admired very highly. He did not tell him his secret, merely because he told it to no one, not even to me. But if he had told it at all, he would have confided it to that man with as little hesitation as he would have confided it to me.

"One night my father's laboratory was looted. His safe was broken open, and everything in the place systematically searched. An attempt was made to give the work the appearance of an ordinary burglary, but it was an attempt which would not deceive a child—could not even deceive as unsuspicious a man as my father. And the very next day the man I told you about, a man who had been almost like a—like a—son to him, disappeared.

"We have never heard from him since. My father believed, and still believes, that that man was the hired spy of the Dugglebys, that he came to our home with no other purpose than to steal his secret from him."

I knew what the answer must be to the question that was on my lips, but I could not hold it back.

"Is that the man," I asked, "whom your father called a coward and a knave—the man whom you thought dead? Is that the man of whom my voice and face reminded you? Is that the man you thought must be I when you saw me coming down the driveway of Christopher Morton's chateau?"

It was with obvious effort that she spoke at all.

"Yes," she said.

A light flashed into the room from the street, and the purring throb of a motor took me back to the window again.

"Well," said I, "now we can complete the story. Our doctor has at last arrived from Paris."

CHAPTER XVII.

MOONLIGHT

STEPS were already ascending the creaking stairs of the inn, but I did not wait for the doctor.

"Virginia," said I, "was it one evening, later than usual, that your father came home to tell you that his laboratory had been robbed? Was supper set ready on the table? Was the man you think a spy playing the piano, while he waited with you for your father to come home? Were your father's first words as he entered the room, "They have tried to steal my secret?"

Her cheeks turned chalk-white. She had risen unsteadily to her feet at the first of my questions, and at the last of them she reeled back against the table as if under the impact of a blow, staring at me all the while with wild, haggard eyes. I thought she was going to faint, but she did not. With a great effort she rallied, but only to utter a heart-broken cry.

'Morton! Morton!"

That was the word my French doctor heard uttered as he entered the room. It struck both of us dumb with amazement. We both stood rooted where we were, staring at her.

"Morton?" I gasped at last. "Why do you call me that?"

"Is not that your name?" she cried. "Aren't you he, after all? How else could you know?"

"Whom do you mean?" asked the doctor gently.

"The man who was playing the piano," she said a little wildly. "The man we knew—my father and I—for more than a year in Cleveport—Morton Smith."

Both of us were silent for a moment, then looking at me, she said.

"If you are not he, then I think I am going mad."

"Gently, gently," said the doctor. "None of us is mad, but all of us are profoundly puzzled; and unless I am greatly mistaken, a part of the puzzle, at least may, be cleared away in a very few minutes. It only wants a little patience."

"I promised Miss Heatherfield," said I, "that when you came, you would tell her my story. Won't you do so now?"

He slipped off the light dust-coat which he had worn in the motor, went to the table, and poured three glasses of wine. He nodded to me to help myself, offered a second to Virginia, which after a moment of hesitation she accepted, and carried the third with

Continued on page 36.

An Unappreciated Comedy

By Elliott Flower

Illustrated by Irma Deremeaux

FENN seemed rather pleased when he made the discovery that he had been robbed. The loss was not heavy, and there seemed to be some compensating advantages, although he did not admit it. Outwardly he was much disturbed, but there was an undercurrent of satisfaction occasionally discernible

To understand this strange and unobtrusive spirit of contentment one must know something of the circumstances, which may be given briefly as follows: Fenn was a manufacturing jeweler and had all of the third floor of a modest store and office building for his workrooms and showrooms. He also had a cashier, upon whom he had learned to look with much approval. She was a very satisfactory cashier but he was of the opinion that she would be even more satisfactory as a wife. The cashier, however, did not seem to take his view of the desirability of establishing other than strict business relations with him, and he had reached the conclusion that the influence of one Desson was largely responsible for this. With Desson properly out of the way, the field would be reasonably clear

Now, it would have been the easiest thing in the world for Fenn to discharge Desson, but he would not then be "properly" out of the way—in fact, he would not be out of the way at all, so far as any matrimonial purpose was concerned; on the contrary, the apparent injustice of this would be likely to make him a more important factor in the situation than before. But Desson happened to be the one to whom suspicion pointed in the matter of this theft. Desson as a thief would be eliminated, where Desson as a martyr would be merely a greater menace. So Fenn was able to take a philosophic view of his loss, which was no more than he would have paid cheerfully to gain the object he sought. Such a wife, he reflected, was cheap at any price

"I took those things myself," she repeated

Fenn's position was the more advantageous because he had at no time presumed upon the fact that he was her employer to force his attentions on the girl. He had given some evidence of his interest, which she had received with such indifference as to convince him that some one else occupied her thoughts, and he was not long in deciding that Desson was the man. Thereupon he had withdrawn to study the situation. A wise young woman ought not to hesitate between her employer and a fellow clerk, but it is a well-known fact that young women are disposed to be foolish in affairs of the heart. Fenn could see, however, that this development was going to make a great difference, and there was consolation in the loss.

His first impulse was to have Desson arrested at once, but his lawyer advised against this course. The circumstances made the presumption of guilt strong, but there was an annoying lack of direct legal evidence. Certain articles, left to be repaired, had disappeared [illegible] repair department [illegible] of its own, directly back of the cashier's cage, and this safe was in charge of Desson. He kept a record of everything delivered to the workmen, which record was checked up by the cashier twice — once when the articles were delivered, and again when they were returned—and then filed in Fenn's office as a report of the work of that department for the day. Coming or going, everything passed through the cashier's wicket,

had her jurisdiction and responsibility ended [illegible] up the record with Desson; for she had no access to the safe and nothing to do with putting the articles away for the night; she simply verified the report and delivered it to Fenn.

The lawyer listened to this examination, and shook his head.

"It is not legally convincing," he declared. "Act hastily, and you'll accomplish nothing. I'll What's [illegible]

He [illegible]

'Act [illegible]

'Her knowledge does not go beyond the record-sheet, which she checked up and turned over to me. I talked to her first, without telling her just what the trouble was, and she assured me that she checked up carefully and found everything there."

"How about collusion?" persisted the lawyer.

"Oh, entirely out of the question," answered Fenn quickly. "I'd trust Miss Walters with my bank account. Besides, he admits that everything was there when the record-sheet was checked up, so that lets her out."

What does [illegible]

'He says he does not know when or how the [illegible] could have been taken; they were simply gone when called for, which was several days after the workmen had finished with them. That is another thing that makes it look bad for Desson; a [illegible] knowledge could hardly have picked out the particular things that would not have to be produced when the repair men went to work in the morning. You can see how this may have delayed the discovery of the theft. Occasionally, jewelry lies in that safe a month or more, after the repair work is done, before it is called for."

"It looks bad," admitted the lawyer, 'but it's a case for a detective first."

"It occurred to me," suggested Fenn, "that, with the facts at your command, you might put the situation in such a way as to overwhelm him. If not, an arrest immediately afterward might do the business."

[illegible] [illegible] turned on [illegible] Meanwhile [illegible] not [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

the opportunity was not one to be lost.

"Perhaps it's just as well," acquiesced the lawyer. "You and I know that he took those things, and the harder we hit him the more likely he is to see the folly of denying it."

This seemed to be reasonable and there was nothing intricate or confusing about the plan. It is a very simple matter to arrest a man on much less evidence or on no evidence at all, and a man once arrested is at a great disadvantage. It may be confessed that, while expressing regret at the necessity, Fenn was really able to take a very cheerful view of the affair. He even found time to be rather glad that he had lost about $500 in this way. But the simple and straightforward plan failed to work out exactly as expected.

Miss Walters was in the chashier's cage when Fenn, the lawyer and a policeman appeared. She readily understood the significance of this move and at once began to lock up her cash. Then, slipping out of the cage, she joined the group of which Desson and the policeman were the center.

"Are you arresting him?" she asked.

"Yes, Miss Walters," answered Fenn. "I have been slow to believe this of him, but——"

"But you are making a mistake," she interrupted quietly. It was not the hysterical protest of a girl in love, but rather the confident assertion of one who knew the facts.

"I wish I could believe it," said Fenn hypocritically. "I have distrusted my own judgment, but those I have con-

"You are making a mistake," repeated Miss Walters. "I took those things myself."

"You!" cried Fenn, staggered. "Impossible!"

"Absolutely impossible!" exclaimed Desson. "Everything was checked up and delivered to me, as the record-sheets show. I admit that——"

"I took those things myself," said Miss Walters again. "Instead of being impossible, it was very easy. Everything was checked up properly and deposited in the trays, but I abstracted the articles from one tray while the others were being put in the safe. Mr. Desson's confidence in me made it a simple matter."

"What did you intend to do?" asked the lawyer, while the others were recovering from their bewilderment.

"I intended to resign and go away," she answered. "I did not think the theft"——she hesitated a little at the word—"would be discovered so soon."

"Then why do you confess now?" the lawyer persisted.

"I can't let an innocent man suffer," she replied. "That would be horrible. I never thought of that contingency."

"This is simply preposterous!" Fenn interrupted excitedly.

"On the contrary," returned the lawyer, "her story is very complete and convincing."

"What did she do with the articles?" demanded Fenn.

"I threw them away," answered Miss Walters unhesitatingly.

"You see!" cried Fenn, addressing the lawyer and the policeman. "She's merely trying to save this man."

"I was afraid to keep them after the loss was discovered," explained Miss Walters. "They are somewhere in the mud at the bottom of the river."

Desson was too dazed to do more than protest that it was impossible, in which protest Fenn joined, but the lawyer and the policeman, having no sentimental interest, were able to see how perfectly her story coincided with the known facts.

"What shall I do?" asked the policeman.

"Nothing," answered Fenn.

"I am ready to go with him," said Miss Walters.

"Go back to your work," instructed Fenn. "I've got to think this thing over."

Desson, now [illegible] free to act, [illegible] resigned. Then, [illegible] gathering together [illegible] face was tense white, but she [illegible] calmly when he addressed her.

"You didn't do it!" [illegible] she asked.

[illegible] "Yet there [illegible] show [illegible] did."

"I'm sure [illegible] didn't [illegible] good [illegible] over [illegible] but [illegible] about it," [illegible] interrupted.

He hesitated a moment, and then passed out, trying vainly to [illegible] some satisfactory plan of action. At any cost, he must save her.

Fenn, meanwhile, was having an excited interview with the lawyer. Fenn maintained that the confession was due to some emotional vagary, but the lawyer insisted that it was [illegible] and convincing.

"I know she didn't do it!" [illegible]

"It's a clear case," insisted the lawyer. "A manufactured [illegible] fit the facts so perfectly. Of course the confession itself was due to [illegible] but [illegible] time." He then went [illegible] points carefully, while Fenn [illegible] back in his office chair and [illegible] "If you don't care to prosecute," the lawyer concluded, "it is no affair of mine, but there can be no doubt——"

"She's a fool," interrupted Fenn, "but that's all! She didn't steal anything."

The lawyer shrugged his shoulders.

"My dear sir," he said, "the innocent don't make such silly sacrifices in these days. The mystery of the lost jewelry is cleared up."

"Miss Walters is going to resign"

Fenn pondered that declaration when he was alone. He could not understand it. He stood up and asked himself aloud: "Have I been dreaming this or am I awake? I'm almost convinced." He locked the door of his office and then unlocked a drawer of his desk. "Is it?" he asked again. "Her confession in the presence of witnesses would send her to the penitentiary; the case is conclusive; a jury wouldn't take five minutes over it. Did she steal those things or are they here?"

He took the missing articles from the drawer and laid them on the desk. "They are here," he went on. "She confessed to stealing articles that have never been out of my possession, and she has a strong case of it, too; I almost believed her myself." He put the things away and locked the drawer again, after which he leaned back and looked at the ceiling for several minutes. "I suppose," he commented aloud, "I suppose the situation is comic, but I don't seem to be able to [illegible] goes scot-free, and I'm [illegible] trying to dodge the necessity of marrying the girl I did it for. Oh, it will be very funny."

For two days Miss Walters waited, in momentary expectation of arrest or [illegible] but nothing happened. [illegible] she sought an interview with [illegible] private office.

"Am I to be arrested, Mr. Fenn?" she asked.

[illegible]

"Not now."

"Then I shall resign," she announced.

"I don't think I can permit that, Miss Walters," he returned.

"But—but something must happen!" she cried.

"Not necessarily," he answered. "Of course, if you tried to leave, I might feel obliged to act."

Slowly this new situation dawned [illegible] mercy, and he was taking advantage of it in an unexpected way, it might yet happen that she would have to choose between him and jail. This was another contingency that she had not contemplated. It had not been so difficult to face arrest when she made [illegible] but of it hanging over her was quite another matter.

"Why did you do it?" he asked, after a moment of uncomfortable silence.

"Because—because it was so easy, and I wanted the money," she answered.

He had referred to the confession, not to the theft, but he followed her lead.

"You insist that you actually took those things?" he inquired, and there was almost a plea for denial in his tone.

"Of course," she replied.

His glance strayed involuntarily to the locked drawer in which the articles rested, and his face relaxed into a grim, mirthless smile.

"Well," he said significantly, "I don't feel that I can spare you just now, and the future will depend upon—yourself. There is no real reason why anything more should be heard of this unfortunate affair."

She went back to her work, more troubled than before, for she knew now that she had lost her independence. How could she discourage the attentions of a man who could send her to jail, a man to whose generosity she owed her liberty, an employer from whose service she could not resign? And the prospect of jail is not pleasing to even the martyr.

Fenn asked her to go to lunch with him, and she went. He hinted that he would appreciate an invitation to call, and she extended it. He was wise, he was prudent; he wanted her to be grateful for his forbearance, but he did not lose sight of his advantage. And neither did she, for she knew to what all this tended, and it was not pleasant to be wooed by a man she could not safely refuse.

Consideration of all the circumstances made him almost as contented now as he had been with the original loss. The developments had been along unexpected lines, but the situation was fully as satisfactory as the one he had sought to create.

This was the way it looked to him before Miss Walters came to his private office, unsummoned, the second time, after that he had the same old difficulty in appreciating the comedy features that he knew existed.

"Mrs. Baldwin has called for her brooch," Miss Walters announced briefly.

"Well?"

"Well, it's at the bottom of the river."

"Oh!" he ejaculated, as he caressed the lock of a drawer that he dared not open. "It's at the bottom of the river, is it?"

[illegible]

"I shall have to get it."

"How can you?"

He glanced at the drawer, as if expecting it to answer, and then looked quickly away.

"Oh," Cora, he answered, "I spoke thoughtlessly. Tell her to come back next week."

"And all I tell her it is lost?"

"No, no; by no means. Perhaps—perhaps some fisherman——"

She gave him a look of such astonishment that he stopped abruptly.

"She is impatient," she said, "and she prizes that brooch very highly. I'm afraid she'll name a high figure when it comes to paying for it."

That gave him a disagreeable jar. Paying for it! Would he have to pay for a brooch that he had locked up in his desk? If so he would have to pay for all the other articles, and at stiff prices, too.

"It's a ridiculous situation," he mused, when again alone, "but not humorous—not at all humorous. I have the things, and I can't produce them; they're at the bottom of the river. But I've got to produce them. Their value, if lost, will swell from $500 to something like $800, and I can't afford to fight the claims. Think of paying $800 in cash because I can't return $500 worth of jewelry that is within reach of my hand all the time! Oh, I've got to recover those things. But how?"

He was still puzzling over this when his lawyer called, bearing important news. There could be no question as to the importance of the news.

"I've found a man," said the lawyer, "who saw the missing jewelry thrown into the river."

"He saw it, did he?" asked the troubled Fenn.

"The fact is," explained the lawyer, "I was rather annoyed by your insistence that I was wrong, so I followed the matter up. This man saw a girl throw some things into the water from the bridge. We'll see if he can identify [illegible]"

"Quite useless," interrupted Fenn.

"Really, Mr. Fenn, this is almost like compounding a——"

But Fenn's patience was exhausted, and the things he said made it very clear to the lawyer that he was going to have his own way.

He went for the keys again, however, the moment he could do so with safety, and he seemed quite relieved when he found the articles were still where he had put them.

"I've got to 'recover' these things," he muttered peevishly, "before I'm fooled into sending a diver down after them."

Then, after a moment of thought, he put them in his pocket and went out in search of a discreet young man whose existence he happened to recall opportunely. To this young man he entrusted the jewelry, some instructions, and a ten-dollar bill, the money being in payment for services to be rendered. After that, knowing just how, when and where the missing articles would turn up, he felt more comfortable.

Returning, he found Desson awaiting him. Desson had been trying desperately to secure some explanation of the mystery that troubled him, so that he might plan wisely and

Continued on page 41

THE PRICE OF WHEAT

NO more delicate problem has faced the farmers of Canada since the war broke out than when the Imperial Government made an offer through the farmers' official organization to purchase their 1917 wheat crop on a basis of $1.30 per bushel for No. 1 Northern grade, f. o. b., Fort William. It presented a delicate situation, because while the farmers, both of Ontario and the West, have demonstrated their passionate patriotism, they did not consider the price offered sufficiently high under the conditions. The result was that they refused the offer. The price question must be considered from two points of view, namely production and consumption. It cost sixty cents to raise a bushel of wheat three years ago. It costs approximately 80 cents now. Living expenses are so high now that farmers must make much greater profits. Commodities cost more than double what they did before the turn of the century. On the other hand indications are that the world will experience a serious shortage of wheat and other commodities during the coming eighteen months. The surplus wheat for export of Australia and Argentina will be comparatively small this year and the estimates for crops of practically all European nations are far below normal, the condition in France being only 65 per cent. of the normal. The Dardanelles may or may not be opened this year and even if they should be opened the amount of wheat actually available for export in Russia is uncertain. At the time of writing May option wheat in Chicago is selling at $2.06, July at $1.75½ and September option at $1.61¼. The farmers of Canada are asking $1.90 as a maximum price for Number 1 Northern wheat. While this may be excessively high, in view of the impending needs of the Allied nations $1.30 appears to be excessively low. If the farmers committed themselves to $1.30, their competitors in the world's markets would probably secure materially higher prices and this would be an essential injustice.

THE PUBLIC AS INVESTORS

THE response of the Canadian public to the three domestic war loans issued by the Dominion Government has a significance that reaches farther than the war itself. It has brought the people to recognize a method by which they can make their savings earn money for them. All three loans as they were launched in turn were heavily over-subscribed. The first time the Government asked for $50,000,000 and received over $100,000,000; the second time it called for $100,000,000 and received applications for $200,000,000; the third time it asked for $150,000,000 and applications aggregated $250,000,000. Not only did the amount of subscriptions rise greatly in excess of increased demands, but the number of subscribers increased in proportion. For the first loan they numbered 25,000, for the second 33,000 and for the third 43,700. This did not include 7,500 small subscribers to the Government Certificates issued some months ago, by which $5,000,000 has already been raised. Hence, when the third loan is allotted over 100,000 individuals and corporations, exclusive of banks, will have invested $355,000,000 in Government war loans. This is a magnificent performance. The manner in which the loans have been over-subscribed, total applications aggregating $561,000,000, indicates that an enormous amount of money still remains in the hands of the people. The people, moreover, are getting a taste of "gilt-edged" securities yielding high profits. They are becoming conversant with methods of financing enterprises. Fundamentally, all financing is the same. Whether it be federal or provincial governments, municipalities, public utilities, industrials or mining enterprises, investment opportunities exist in Canada, in which Canadians may share. When a corporation issues a block of bonds or stocks, they should not have to be placed outside the country. What is good for outsiders is good for Canadians. They should be absorbed within Canada.

PROVINCIAL TAX ON MINES

THE majority of gold and silver mining companies in Ontario were relieved to learn of the amendment in the proposed mining tax bill brought before the Ontario Legislature, which exempts all but nickel and nickel-copper mines from an increase in taxation, whose profits are under $1,000,000 per annum. The result is that profits of between $10,000 and $1,000,000 shall be taxed only 3 per cent. whereas profits between $1,000,000 and $5,000,000 will be taxed 5 per cent. While the higher tax rate will include the larger mines, such as Hollinger, Dome and Nippissing, the annual profits of which run well over $1,000,000, the vast majority of gold and silver mines earn under $1,000,000 and will thus only be called upon to pay the lower rate. Judgment is general that the Government has acted wisely in not overburdening gold and silver mines. With regard to gold mines, while operating costs have increased approximately eight per cent. because of the war, the selling price of gold remains unchanged. Gold and silver mines should have special consideration, because the nation and empire need every ounce of the precious metals available to substantiate growing credits. A mine does not survive for ever as an industry or public utility [illegible]. Every ton of ore extracted from it shortens its life by just that much. It is estimated that the average life of a silver mine is between seven and eight years. It is ap-

parent then, why mining companies are called upon to earn large dividends. Shareholders must get back their capital and interest quickly. Should mining companies be overburdened with arbitary obligations, some of the largest of them might be induced, under certain conditions, to curtail operations or close down for a period, and that would prove a national evil.

PREPARE FOR PEACE

CANADIAN industries are prospering largely because of the war. When peace comes this source of [illegible] will cease and the Dominion will be called upon to face a whole series of new and grave commerical problems. One thing is sure, and that is merciless competition for our industries both in the home and in the export market. Germany has boasted of her efficiency and thoroughness and these are not idle boasts. She has set the pace in war, and it has been a hot one; she will set it in peace, because she must, and all other nations will have to follow. National efficiency in Canada for the impending struggle for [illegible] is necessity. If "we must do that or we fall," means any thing at all, it applies now to Canadian business. Every individual must be efficient; every corporation must be efficient. Force, originality and daring must be thrown into the commonweal. As Sir George Foster said recently: "Canada must gird up her loins and make ready her full equipment of preparedness."

THE GERMAN ANOMALY

WHAT at heart is wrong with the German people that induces them to commit such abhorrent crimes against the human family? A review of history reveals the fact that the Germans have been among the recognized world's leaders in philosophy, religious thought and music. Some potent transformation has taken place in the [illegible] change in the [illegible] German mind. What was the change? About sixty years ago German physicists, chemists, and psychologists began to apply the scientific method to the various activities of life, in a manner that had never been done before. They went beyond physics, biology and chemistry, into the fundamental realms of philosophy and religion. The scientific method of approach to all problems is, in itself, without doubt, a most important and beneficial evolution of the human race. The best scientific method, however, is void without content. The scientific method may be applied for good or bad ends. It is just here that the Germans went wrong. After they had contributed materially in the way of historical criticism and scientific research, a gradual change took place in the object of their ambitions and research. The content of their thoughts became materialistic, selfish and militaristic, under the stimulus of the writings of such men as Nietzsche, Treitschke and Bernhardi. They snatched at the ideas of "survival of the [illegible]" and the "struggle for existence" and "natural [illegible]tion." Obsessed with these half-truths and the notion that they were naturally the greatest people in the world, a sort of "supermen," they set deliberately to work to struggle for supremacy.

NIETZSCHE'S PLAGIARISM

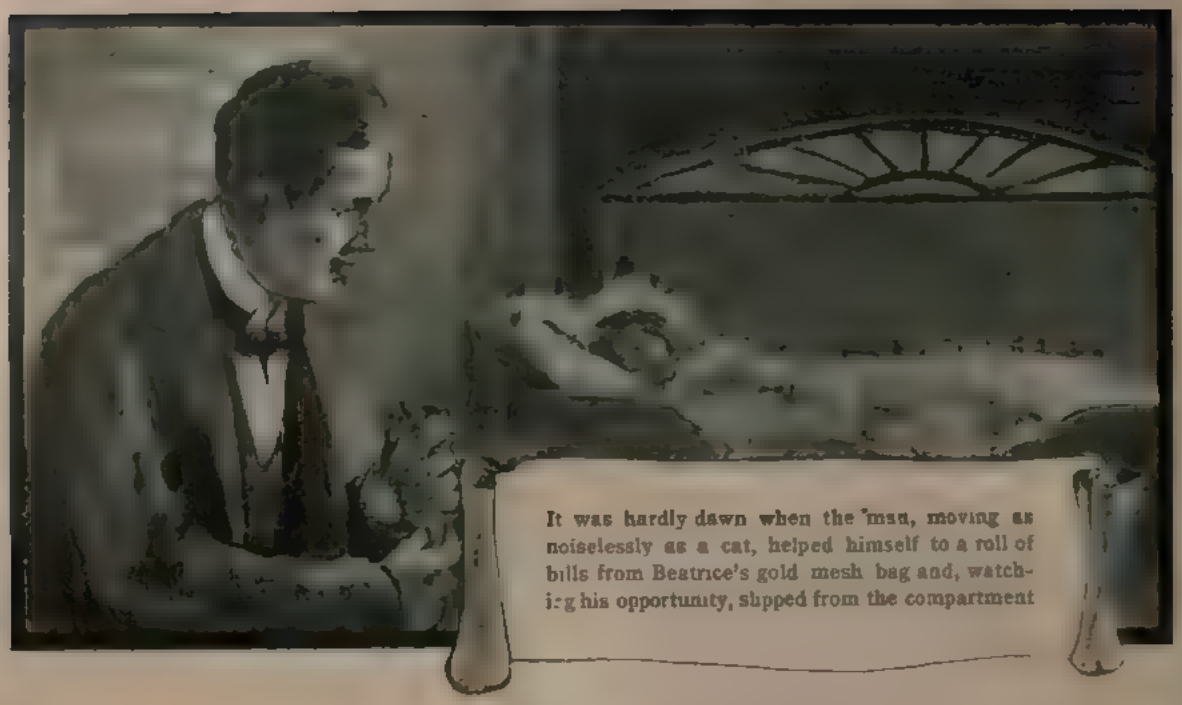
NIETZSCHE said: "Christianity is the greatest of [illegible] ish of mankind." Of the three German pseudo-philosophers of the past generation, Nietzsche, Treitschke and Bernhardi, who influenced the thought of Germany's [illegible] the most representative. He was the inspirer of the German "kultur," which the latest of the Hohenzollern Dynasty as the representative of God, wished to enforce upon the world. It is rather startling that the essence of Nietzsche's philosophy was borrowed in the main from two Englishmen, Darwin and Spencer. The Evolutionary Theory with its "natural selection," was the core of Nietzsche's creed and there is not much to discriminate between Nietzsche's "will-to-power" and the principles of "struggle for existence" and the "survival of the fittest." Be it for good or evil, the philosophy which is the esoteric interest of the few in one generation, generally becomes the exoteric motive of a race in the succeeding generation. The philosopher's quiet study is the seed-plot of history. Watch the trend of thought of a nation's thinkers to-day and it will be prophetic of the nation's life in the next generation

THE GREAT OUT-OF-DOORS

THE great out-of-doors is beginning to call. Its summons comes to men and women who, during the long winter months, have been confined within the walls of man-made dwellings. Leave your easy-chair and books, it says. Leave your theatres and concert-halls, your cards and indoor games. Come out into the sunshine. Come out under the stars. Come out and enjoy the wind which bloweth where it listeth, and draw health and strength and happiness from the genial rays of the great warm-hearted sun. Most of us hear this call from the great out-of-doors and feel the pull of the open spaces, but too often we are prevented from answering by the demands which modern city life makes upon us. Many of us go to an office every morning, six days out of seven, and remain there until evening. Then we hurry home to our evening meal, and after it is eaten, spend the hours before bedtime over a book or paper, or at the theatre. It is generally impossible to regulate our work as we would like. Under our present social system, men and women must work indoors for many hours every day. But we can regulate our periods of leisure so as to enjoy the maximum of fresh air, sun and star shine. Instead of planning indoor amusements for the evenings, why not take every opportunity to get out under the stars? The night sky, with its millions of suns and planets shining down upon our little earth, is one of the most inspiring and glorious sights on which the eye of man can rest, and yet many of us go on from day to day without even seeing it. Absorbed in the pursuit of business and pleasure, we pass by natural beauties which richly merit our attention. Those who have enjoyed the sweet freshness of the early morning, know how richly one is repaid by rising betimes to greet the sun. A half an hour spent among the flowers of your back garden, or in an early morning walk, sweetens the day and strengthens one for the demands of labor. Yes, the great out-of-doors calls. It will always call during the months of birds and flowers, to those of us who are confined in office and factory. Its call is part of our being coming, as it does, from Mother Nature herself, on whom we depend for our very existence. Let us hearken to it.

SELLING FIVE BILLION DOLLARS

THE American Government to secure a quick subscription to the $5,000,000,000 war loan will begin a nation wide advertising campaign. Offers of free service have poured into the Treasury Department from advertising agencies, magazines and newspapers. This means that a weapon whose tremendous power has already been successfully proven by the allies will be used to sell the greatest bond issue ever authorized. But it also means that one more government has recognized the value of advertising as one of the necessary adjuncts of scientific salesmanship. It remains to be seen whether these governments will remember this lesson in the commercial readjustment period which will follow the war



It was hardly dawn when the man, moving as noiselessly as a cat, helped himself to a roll of bills from Beatrice's gold mesh bag and, watching his opportunity, slipped from the compartment

The Night Run

By Madge Macbeth

Illustrated by Marcel Olis

BEATRICE watched the broad, white-coated back of the porter disappear with a feeling of relief. He had fretted her almost beyond endurance with his fussy little attentions—the thousand and one things a porter always finds to do for a beautiful young woman, obviously of the wealthy class who travels alone in a drawing room. It seemed as though a berth had never required such minute making, never had a hat been handled with such leisurely, affectionate care while being laid away in its crackling paper bag, never had window-sills been wiped so thoroughly, and crevices brushed so painstakingly. But at last, the mahogany door blotted him from her sight. She groaned her thankfulness.

The tiny blue watch on her wrist, twinkled half past ten at her; she stood uncertainly in the middle of the swaying compartment and mused. Half past ten! A mysterious hour . . . all sorts of things might happen at half past ten! Anything might happen at any moment.

Beatrice gave herself up to the sensation of tense excitement which was gradually possessing her; she felt very much as one feels who walks in a strange, dark room for the first time. There is, one knows, something at the end of the blackness, but is it a calamity or a blessing? She knew, in that indescribable way in which people *do* receive premonitions of coming events, that *something was going to happen!*

Slowly, she unfastened her very simple and very expensive gown. Its folds slid away from her as though loathe to go, and when she stood upright, a bewitching figure in sheerest crepe de chine lingerie, she was amazed at the crimson spot which suddenly leaped to either cheek. One might have thought that she was embarrassed by her own reflection.

In trembling haste she covered her little person with a delicate mauve kimono.

"This is ridiculous," she scolded. "In another moment, I shall have hysterics."

Trying to argue herself into a more normal state of mind, proved useless. Every step in the passage outside startled her; each succeeding silence terrified her. She stood, rigid, waiting, waiting for something to happen. . . .

Twice her hand fluttered toward the bell, and twice she dragged it away. She had been glad to get rid of the porter; why bring him back upon a silly pretext?

Flinging herself into a corner of the seat, she picked up the evening paper.

RUSSIAN DRIVE CARRIES ALL BEFORE IT.

THE type leapt up at her in two inch [illegible] but she didn't see it. She was actually panting as she turned a page.

BEAUTIFUL WEDDING IN SMART SET, the sheet shouted at her, but she didn't hear. The grinding of brakes ran through her body like a chill. The train was stopping. So was her heart.

They must have reached the Junction, the last stop before an all-night run. Suppose—

Suppose what? she asked herself ironically.

Suppose every sort of horrible thing in the world!

The train moved slowly on, gathered momentum and settled down into a steady sway and rumble.

Beatrice strangled a hysterical sob and held her breath. They were passing over the big bridge; she could tell by the grim hollow roar. She clutched a little bag of jewels, tight. Suppose, after all, she should never have an opportunity for wearing them. Trains had gone through bridges before this. Suppose her body should be found. . . alone, in the shattered fragments of the drawing room. . . Suppose some luckless person swinging between the cars should lose his grip and drop into Eternity. . . .

Without an instant's warning, the handle of her door softly turned and a man stepped into the compartment.

"Don't scream," he cautioned, look-

ing into her frightened eyes and closing the door as noiselessly as he had opened it. He shot the small bolt, and stood facing Beatrice

"Don't scream," he said again and smiled a little

"I shan't," she whispered

He gave a swift glance round the room

"No fear of the porter coming back?"

She shook her head

The man laughed softly and flung his hat and coat in a corner. Then he sat down. Beatrice stared at him fascinated. She was not the first woman who had found him good to look at

"They're after me like blood-hounds," he said. "By Gad, I had almost despaired of giving them the slip

She twisted a gleaming diamond on her finger and secretly sympathized with him. She had had a bad time in giving them the slip, too

"It was good of you, mine, sneaking in on you like this" went on, with gay bravado "I say, you know, I'd quite made up my mind that you *would* scream. But women are plucky little things—you are, any way. Do you hate having me in here, like this—Beatrice?"

She started at his use of her name then remembered that it was spelled in wonderful pink pearls in a brooch at her bosom. Under his gaze, she turned scarlet but did not answer

He made a movement toward her and she recoiled with a smothered cry

"Please"

"All right. I forgot myself. I'll try not to look at you. You are very beautiful and very desirable—Beatrice"

He pronounced her name in the Italian way, and it sounded strange to her. There was an awkward pause while the fear died out of her eyes Then she said,

"Tell me about your—your—getaway."

There wasn't much to tell, and what there was contained no element of originality. He had thought to elude them at the Down Town Station, only to find them on the job—damn the persistence. He had beaten it to the Union Station and there they were waiting for him, too

"Couldn't even side-step 'em by going through the baggage room," he complained

She smiled slightly. She knew that trick, herself. In fact, at the Down Town Station not two hours ago the baggage master had opened the gate for her—and ten dollars

Well, what then?" she asked. "A taxi and the Junction?"

Exactly. We just touched the high spots. Talk about the mid-night ride of Paul Revere—why I had it skinned to a finish

And do you think you are safely out of the woods?"

He looked at her sharply

What do you mean? You would not give me away?"

No, but there are people on the train

I'll swear no one saw me come in

"Don't scream," he cautioned, looking into her frightened eyes

here and no one shall see me come out. No hobo ever boarded a freight with the cunning I employed. Of course if you prefer to make a scene and call in the conductor——"

She interrupted him with a gesture.

"No one suspects me," she said a little coldly. "My tracks are covered as thoroughly as though a gallon of iodoform had been poured over them. I only thought that there might be people on the train who had been watching for you. Such cases are not rare."

"Fear nothing," the man assured her. "There will be no spectacular denouement in the morning. I have thought of all that. Now—Beatrice, I am going to put out the light. . . . Attentive porters are too curious by half."

Again she uttered that frightened little "Please," but this time he took no notice.

It was hardly dawn when the man, moving as noiselessly as a cat, helped himself to a roll of bills from Beatrice's gold mesh bag and watching his opportunity, slipped from the compartment. He left the train as successfully as he had boarded it at a small town some fifty miles from the metropolis. And Beatrice, sleeping dreamlessly, sped on into little old New York.

The porter roused her gently, delicately. He urged her to make more haste in dressing, and finally when the rest of the passengers had been summarily expelled quite five minutes, he bodily threw her off, lest she be taken back into the yards, where the train spent a leisurely day.

It was perhaps owing to these circumstances therefore, that Beatrice made a solitary trip along the platform, carrying her own bag, a thing she never remembered doing in her life. She glanced furtively about as she entered a taxi and gave the address of her chosen hostelry. Apparently, no one was trailing her.

She thought of the man and smiled. He had called her a plucky little thing—well, so she was. That had been a rather difficult situation and she had handled it rather well. She wondered what had become of him, how he had managed to get away. She hoped that he would——

The taxi drew up at the curb and stopped. Beatrice opened her bag and gave a little cry.

"The brute!" she said aloud. "There's gratitude for you!"

With a little trouble she extracted a gold piece from the jewel case around her neck, then amid a procession of obsequious attendants, she made her triumphal entry into the hotel.

She registered with a [illegible] the bell [illegible] the key, the note for [illegible] and [illegible] to her room. [illegible] hoped [illegible] and [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] before allowing [illegible] to [illegible] once more in her [illegible]

[illegible] she thought about [illegible] more. Beatrice experienced [illegible] prickling of the [illegible] tense alertness, that almost [illegible] combination of elation and [illegible] excitement which had [illegible] many a [illegible] on the [illegible] night. There was something [illegible] psychic about it all. Even [illegible] ting in the security of her [illegible] it was as though she could [illegible] coming nearer. . . nearer. . . [illegible]

The sensation was too [illegible] tempt to resist. [illegible] She [illegible] her [illegible] stepped toward the door. [illegible] had been turned in the lock [illegible] responded to her trembling [illegible] the bolt withdrew into its [illegible]

An instant later, he [illegible] room.

There was a burning, eager [illegible] his eyes, but he spoke [illegible] things.

"You might have thought [illegible]

Continued on page 42.

Jack Miner and his Tame Wild Birds

By H. M. Tandy

Illustrated from Photographs

MINER is a blond with a merry little twinkle in his eye. He never shot an eagle in his life but he scared one to death. He farms for a living and makes tile on the side, or the other way about perhaps, but his real mission in life is to boost for the Canada Goose which bird, he affirms, in points of intelligence, head work and Christian charity comes first among all the furred and feathered.

These are some of the things about Jack Miner that don't require proof because he admits them, which leads us to the observation that now and again we run against a man who stands out against the background of full-drab mediocre humanity like, say, a bandaged thumb among its normal fellow digits. This outstanding man may not be exceedingly wise or clever or rich. He may simply be different—as Miner is different from the ruck and run of men.

Miner lectures to raise funds to buy corn for his friends. Upon the certain evening that I first heard him in action he prefaced his talk with apologies for his scant knowledge of proper diction and the flawful and faulty English which was to follow. Perhaps he did split an infinitive here and there and employ the past participle in error, but who, save perhaps Arthur J. Balfour of the shade of Gladstone, is entitled in these days of rhetorical laxity to cast a stone?

Miner talks of birds from two angles, (a) as birds (b) in their relation to human destinies. He speaks on this subject with humor, wisdom and knowledge, but always close to the tip of his tongue there lurks a tidy wallop for these two—the man who kills for the market and the English sparrow. His dislike for the English sparrow with his measley disposition and habits, has laid Miner open to criticism upon occasions as a pro-German. As a matter of fact it is doubtful if the most intense hater in Germany could outdo Miner on this point. This bird, so Miner affirms is a pestiferous [illegible] vermin that reached [illegible] through the machinations [illegible] ed fool and contrary to [illegible] purposes of Nature. I [illegible] heard Miner on the subject [illegible] but am inclined to think he [illegible] to appear as Counsel for the [illegible] tion in this case also.

But Miner's chief and most [illegible] ful role is that of Counsel [illegible] the Defence. You should hear him, [illegible] stance, in the case of Egrets [illegible] Milliners. His plea runs somethi[illegible] like this:

As a medium of female head [illegible] ment egrets, apparently, [illegible] the desideratum. Consequently it [illegible] lucky to be born an egret [illegible] that case you carry in [illegible] cluster of long and graceful [illegible] which men under pressure [illegible] leading milliners, must have. [illegible] feathers of the egret are best in [illegible] Spring. And this fact too is unfortunate because that happens to be the

On these ponds you will find myriads of Canada Geese, together with a generous sprinkling of Black Ducks, Mallards and Green Heads

time when here and there in the undergrowth are scattered little round grass-and-feather homes crowded to the rims with young egrets. The parent birds fare forth in search of food, just alas, as we all must do. Then some bright morning bang! and what was a graceful, stately bird crumbles into a pile of blood and carrion from which three or four feathers are extracted, carefully cleaned and dried to appear later as the exclamation point in a "perfect love of a hat." Egrets would go out of fashion, it is likely, if all those who buy them could hear Miner tell of those scattered nests of starving orphans in the underbrush calling at intervals "Mother, Mother, Mother," until the cold hand of death mercifully stills the weakening voices. It is a strong appeal that Miner makes for his feathered friends

Miner refers to himself sometimes as a converted Jessie James. That's because he once was a "market hunter" beside whom, in his opinion a man who would "kick a lamb in the face" is a good and desirable citizen.

On Miner's place, hard against Kingsville which is in Canada, are two ponds which he has dug. On these ponds you will find of an evening, if you care to make them a visit, myriads of Canada Geese together with a generous sprinkling of Black Ducks, Mallards, Green Heads and their cousins and their uncles and their aunts. They cover the ponds and the shores pertaining thereto. In the surrounding fields you will see and hear quail, partridge, pheasants, robins, purple martins, fork-tail swallows, blue birds and many lesser breeds within and without the law, including members of the sparrow family which of necessity includes the English anathema. It is a restless, happy population without fear or worry, and a most inspiring sight to see

You might also see, if you are lucky, little Jasper, his father's son, emerge from the house with a small tin dish and a spoon of like metal. Jasper has only to rattle the latter against the former and the air becomes charged with the fluttering of wings as young robins appear from nowhere and everywhere to swarm over and about the lad chirping and opening surprisingly large yellow rimmed mouths for the custard that Jasper proceeds to pour into the cavities. They don't show either fear or shyness for so far as they know, man is a humane and kindly creature

There is no danger for any feathered thing on Miner's place—excepting of course the English sparrow who has only himself to blame. This place is sanctuary. From Hudson's bay and north of it to the Mexican Gulf and south of it feathered tribes have come to know that there is at least one spot on earth where guns are barred, and where traps and nets and poison cannot enter.

Would you believe that a man as large and hard-handed as Miner could approach and stroke a swallow brooding on her nest? You probably doubt that unless you saw it. Even then you might suspect that the swallow was a papier mache one. But Miner does just that while the swallow blinks at him with fearless eyes.

Miner believes that bird-brains contain much more than mere instincts. He will tell you that Canada Geese form friendships with each other as true and unselfish as any sung of by poets. If you ask for proof he will point out a Goose that gave up its annual trip south to spend a cold and cheerless winter on his place with a friend who because of a broken pinion could not make the journey. He will also tell you that "Jack Johnson" a gander on his place is a better man than most of us for he successfully fought off a browsing horse which seemed about to disturb its brooding spouse—and a horse must look like sudden death to a gander in a fight. Miner will tell you of two ganders that gathered their women and children behind them and then advanced to battle successfully with two predatory eagles that once lighted on his place

And he knows of an interesting kidnapping case; a wild duck bereaved of her natural family through feline treachery, waited at the accouchement box of a hen who was unknowingly hatching duck eggs and stole the family of ducklings one by one. Miner believes that there was more than blind instinct behind the brain that devised and carried out that strategy

Miner from his experience can tell you stirring tales of devotion, self sacrifice and intelligence on the part of his feathered friends that will tax your credulity. If you doubt him he will simply shrug his shoulders and invite you to "come and see for yourself"

If experience awood and afield were worth a penny a barrel, Miner would be a millionaire. But it is not. Jack is not rich. He buys things he cannot afford, such as expensive bird houses and corn by the hundreds of bushels This he feeds to Canada Geese that may be shot the next week in Dauphin Straits or somewhere south of Galves-

There is no danger for any feathered thing on Miner's place—excepting of course the English sparrow

ton. Miner admits the value of worldly possessions but he doubts exceedingly whether the greatest store of these is sufficient to outweigh his golden bird-friendships.

Miner has settled a number of points touching bird life and habits that were not free from doubt before. For instance you may have wondered if that robin who is fairly splitting his glad little throat on the lilac bush at your gate is the same chap who sang there last year. More than likely it is, for Miner has found that birds return to the same spot year after year.

Miner captured four of the first wild ducks that ever came to his place. He put bands bearing his name and address on their "hind legs" and released them. The next year three of them returned under their own power. The fourth, alas, "Ethel" by name returned not. But the band that he had fastened to her leg came—by post, from North Carolina I th'nk. And the next year the three survivors returned, and the next year, and the next, and come March next year each early morning Miner will scan the southern sky for the trio. One morning, perhaps, a flock of tiny specks will appear, growing larger and larger as they hurtle through the air like bullets to splash with a happy whistle in Jack's pond once more

He plays no favorites. Any bird, so long as he minds his own business can live and raise his family on Miner's place. No bird is denied admittance because he cannot sing. Clothes count for nothing in his favor. His coat may be yellow or blue or plain black Sunday-go-to-meetin'. So long as he behaves he is welcome. But if any bird starts a campaign of frightfulness or "world power of downfall" Miner attends to his downfall all right.

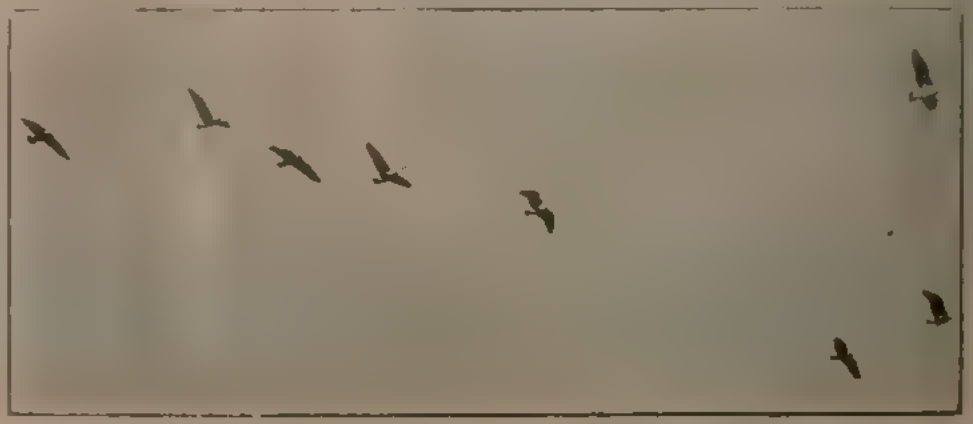
Miner has collected some strange data about his friends. At one time there were no swallows on his place. But one day a pair arrived picked out a site below the eaves of his long tile shed and built. In this house they raised a family of five to infancy. Then some English Sparrows, true to type, threw them headlong to the ground where they perished. The swallows tried again and this time thanks to Miner's unerring aim the homewreckers were beaten off and the young swallows attained full growth. The next year two pairs of swallows came. But this time they selected sites at that end of the shed where Miner and his men continually worked. They came in one year to know that these men were not enemies but friends who would protect them and their young against predatory sparrows. That, affirms Miner, is not instinct but reason. On Miner's place now all day and far into the evening swallows swing and swoop and snap to such good effect that any germ-laden fly on its way to Miner's house to spread infection takes great chances of ending his career as swallow food. And Miner says that is what is meant in the bible where it tells us that the man who fosters the birds of the air "prolongeth his own life."

Miner is a God-fearing man. I am not prepared to say which he cultivat first the Book or the birds. But that is unimportant as he affirms that each leads to the other. At any rate Miner is convinced that all birds, more particularly the Canada Goose, are Bibles with wings and feathers wherefrom a man can learn all that he needs in this life of fellowship, wisdom and charity.

Wherever in the Bible there is a verse referring or appertaining to the birds of the air, Miner knows it—book, chapter and verse. If you undertake to quote against him that passage wherein are told that cognizance is taken every sparrow that falls to the ground, Miner will bring a fist down on the bench and ask you, as likely as "But see, see, does it say ENGLISH sparrow?" And of course this the debate in his favor for of course it does not say English sparrow about which nothing good is known but much that is evil.

As a Canadian who knows somethin of the companionship and pleasure th birds afford us, and their great economic value, I shall be strongly for Miner if at any time he runs for a Knigh To accord him the privilege himself "Sir Canada Goose" is not great an honor for the work he done. He is teaching us what a grave and dangerous thing it is to slaughter and plague to extinction the birds of the air, the water, and land who ask nothing from us but a cessation of hostilities, and granted this, will carry on relentless war against bugs and grubs that destroy and injure crop flies that carry germs of death disease, and insects that worry torment

These things, and the cruelty of it is what Miner is trying so earnestly to teach us, and this by the way, would seem to be as vi important as the propagation of school of art, or say, a futurist of music, which seem in these strang days to experience no difficulty in e tablishing a following.



Tickets and Home-made Drama

By Madge Macbeth

Illustrated by John Edwin Jackson

THE ticket seller never, was and never will be, popular. He is regarded as a cross between a bee with a long sting and a vampire with plenty of vamp. He is avoided whenever possible; at best he is only tolerated and the money he extracts from the public is given him with a very reluctant hand.

The trouble is that few people to-day have time to collect tickets, even postge stamps and post cards have gone out of fashion. If they buy them, they give them to the office boy, the parlor maid, or poke them in a remote corner of the desk and forget all about them.

Consciously or subconsciously there exists in the mind a condemnation of any objects for which tickets have to be sold. In other words, the necessity for urging the public [illegible] the public does not want it—would infinitely rather do without it. A proof of this may be taken by considering a big movie feature, a circus, a hockey game. Is it necessary to send some one abroad to hold up his fellow men and endeavour to secure an audience? Hardly. The problem is not how to gather people in, but how to prevent the mob which fights for admission, from trampling its component parts to death.

But without the ticket seller local. . . home-made. . . amateur. . . entertainments could not hope to succeed. Home-made productions no matter how worthy are stamped with a familiarity as to ingredients, which robs them of a certain charm. The public prefers something strange if spurious, glittering with a suggestion of Broadway. And amateur? Why, the word itself condemns a performance. The public conjures up the memory of a grim evening spent in a Sunday school Hall, when, seated amid a bewildering number of texts and an atmosphere of "Who gave you this name?" it waited half an hour after the time scheduled for the performance to begin and listened to Mary's mother explain to Jennie's father how much simpler was Jennie's part than Mary's. It remembers how two ineffable young men finally grasped the turkey red curtain and tried to rend asunder two gross of safety pins in their effort to reveal the stage and players; it cannot forget the awful silence which reigned while the prompter was trying to find his place, nor the horrible moment when the last word being spoken, a search had to be made for the youngest and most ineffable young man, who had forgotten all about the curtain in the dazzling light from a vivacious brunette's eyes while a group of agonized amateurs tried desperately to "hold" the final tableau. Entertainment! What bitter irony!

While a group of agonized amateurs tried desperately to "hold" the final tableau

Is it a wonder that intelligent, mind respecting people grew intolerant of home made, amateur productions? Absolutely no, for one cannot deny that most of them have been atrocious, arranged by persons who didn't know how, played by people who knew less, and designed quite obviously not for their dramatic worth, but to augment some particular fund—a new organ, a stained glass window, or the like. The advance sale of tickets assured them of financial success and the result was obtained. Moral obligation to the public, to the playwright and incidentally to themselves was too-seldom considered. The words "amateur" and "entertainment" drifted so far from their original meaning as to become almost synomous with "worthless" and "boredom". The audiences were composed in the main of relatives of the cast, their friends (or enemies who came to deride) and the conscientious few who felt that the cause deserved support. The play was not the thing, or if it were it was a lamentably distressing thing. . . either when it came from its creator's hands or after it had been mangled by the players.

But not always.

One ventures to state that there is scarcely a centre in Canada which has not a dramatic club of real worth. Only the public at large does not realize it. It is "amateur" and therefore lumped with all the other fiascos and condemned. True, the ticket seller may extract a dollar annually for the club's support, but he won't extract the public

Continued on page 43

Current Events in Review

Comments by the Leading Canadian and British Press and Periodicals Upon Affairs of Interest in the Dominion and Empire

Paper in Odd Forms.

IN its annual number, The Papermaker and British Paper Trade Journal says:

Both pulp and paper can now be formed into solid substances capable of competing with wood or iron in point of durability and elasticity, and for some years past, treated by special methods they have been converted into such articles as paper bottles, unbreakable writing tablets, figures, ornaments, furniture, etc. Waterproof coverings for walls and ceilings, parchment slates, flanges, and manhole rings, paper wheels, roofing and boats, paper barrels, gas pipes, boxes and horseshoes are also no longer novelties. Probably one of the most valuable by-products of the manufacture of sulphite pulp is that of spirit from the waste lyes, and particularly in Sweden the distillation of alcohol from cellulose bids fair to become an industry of considerable importance. Then it is but a few years since the chairman of the tanning section of the Toronto Board of Trade declared that paper inventions had gradually entered into competition with leather, and that hides had advanced in price to such a degree that the output had dropped 50 per cent. in Canada, a condition of affairs which had compelled the use of such substitutes as fabrics and paper.

Paper as an article for building purposes is well known in Scandinavia and Japan. In the latter country not long ago a country house was entirely constructed of paper, and in Scandinavia a great quantity of wood pasteboard is used as the lining for wall papers, while in the United States a heavy paper board for use in building operations is also made from waste paper, sugar cane and corn stalks. In a small mill at Koyasa, Kanagawa (Japan), waterproof paper is now manufactured for skirt-making.

Paper string and twine has within recent years come to be recognized as a valuable substitute for the ordinary variety. Paper string is now being made of such stoutness as to be suitable for tying up parcels of quite a large size, and its manufacture is now being carried out in this country. Twine has been produced from paper in Germany for some years; the cord is made from strips of brown or white cellulose paper, and the few articles making it are said to be unable to distinguish them from

[illegible] waterproofed or hardened paper is also being extensively employed at the present day in the manufacture of paper furniture and backs and trunks of compressed paper are perhaps somewhat better known than the paper tackle for sausages which have been introduced on the other side of the Atlantic. Vulcanized fibre which is simply paper treated with zinc chloride is also being extensively used in the manufacture of boot heels, bottoms to the etc., and paper binder twine, paper window blades, paper matting and paper floor coverings, the latter generally made with an admixture of cotton are now widely used. Paper insulators are of course, in comparatively common use, but it must be admitted that a paper chimney, of which we have heard something of a novelty. Paper cartwheels and paper boats are however no longer curiosities, though it is stated that the paper boat is indeed a very substantial and serviceable craft.

The war has also developed new uses for paper and pulp. It is now well known that Germany is using chemical

The Good Green Grass

By W. D. Nesbit

HO, the good, green grass,
Soft, smooth, clean grass,
Running by the river side and creeping through the wood!
Coming to the bare spot,
Making it a fair spot—
Covering and carpeting the world till it is good.

Dandelions sprangle
All the grassy tangle
Where the rolling meadowland is spread beneath the sky.
Violets are peeping
Where the grass is creeping
In and out among the trees that shoulder bold and high.

Bordering the highway,
Covering the byway,
Miles and miles and miles of it a-dance on hill and plain,
Lazily a-swinging
To the breeze's singing,
Glinting in the sunshine and bejeweled by the rain.

Ho, the good, green grass,
Soft, smooth, clean grass!
Is there any better thing the happy world around?
Clothing all the bare lands,
Changing them to fair lands,
Making this the best earth that ever yet was found.

pulp in place of cotton as a basis for the production of high explosives, and a German military surgeon goes so far as to say that not only cellulose wadding, but mechanical wood-pulp, wood flour, wood wool and wood felt have done good service as substitutes for cotton in making dressings, while another authority states that for wound secretions, filter and blotting paper serves the purpose admirably. Cellulose wadding is used in dozens of forms as a substitute for cotton, and its employment is stated to be even more advantageous when loosely woven cotton lamp wicks are substituted for closely woven wicks, particularly in spirit and petroleum lamps. There have also been stories of paper boots and paper socks worn by soldiers on the European battlefields, and it is reported that paper beds, with paper sheets and pillow-cases, are now being used in Germany by the poor, the mattresses being made of strong sheets of paper pasted together and filled with dry leaves of beech and oak trees. The paper used is toughened by a special process which prevents easy tearing. In this connection, it may be mentioned that recently in Copenhagen a new German textile, in which paper is spun with about 20 per cent. of cotton, was exhibited. From this, paper underclothing sheets, jerseys, bandages and horse blankets were made, but it is admitted that the cost of production is too high to allow of its competing with cotton and woollen cloth in normal times.

"Yah, when you haf your old man mit you" *Toronto World*

The World's Greatest Single Loan.

THE Government of the United States, having come deliberately to the mature opinion that the best and quickest service it can render to the [illegible]erent Allies is to strengthen their financial position and thus increase their purchasing power, is asking authority to borrow from the people of that country the unprecedentedly large sum of seven billions of dollars, and to use three billions of it, at a low rate of interest, as a means of improving the credit of the anti-Germanic fighting powers. This is the largest sum ever asked for as a popular loan by any nation or other organization. Capital is abnormally abundant just now in the United States, and it has been made easily available through the medium of the recently organized national banking system.

The loan is to be submitted to the people in two parts: five billions will be raised by an issue of long-date bonds of the usual sort, and the other two billions will be asked for on the basis of short-date securities to be redeemed at maturity out of the revenue resulting from the contemplated heavy taxes likely to be promptly levied, as President Wilson advised in his war message. This last amount and the two-billion part of the bond issue will serve as a preparation fund to meet the expenses incurred by adapting the navy to its practical work, raising and training an army of half a million men, and meeting the great number of outlays incidental to the organization in the shortest practicable time of so immense a war service. All this goes to show the solidarity of the nation and the spirit of determination with which it has gone into the war.—*Globe, Toronto.*

Agricultural Tax in Saskatchewan.

THE farmer in Saskatchewan is called upon to pay a low rate of taxation according to *Western Canada, Week by Week*. The situation is summarized as follows:—The Provincial Department of Municipal affairs have just presented some interesting statistics regarding agricultural taxation in Alberta. They have quoted six quarter sections in different parts of the province as typical examples.

S. W. quarter of section 12-9-18, west 4th meridian, area 160 acres, in the southern part of the province situated in a large local improvement district, and outside the boundaries of any school district.

1916—Local improvement tax, 1¼c per acre	$2 00
1916—Educational tax, 1¼c peracre	2 00
Total taxes for 1916	$4 00

S. E. quarter of section 23-36-8, west 4th meridian, area 160 acres, in the northern part of the province, situated in a large local improvement district and outside the boundaries of any school district.

1916—Local improvement tax, 3¼c per acre	$5 00
1916—Educational tax, 1¼c per acre.	2.00
Total taxes for 1916	$7 00

N. W. quarter of section 34-43-14, west 4th meridian, area 160 acres, situated in a rural municipality and in a school district, assessed value, $2,000.

1916—Municipal taxes	$16 00
1916—School taxes	14 00
Total taxes for	1[illegible]30 00

S. E. quarter of section 24-[illegible]-12 west 4th meridian, area 160 [illegible] situated in an organized local improvement district and in a school district.

1916—Local improvement taxes	$12 00
1916—School taxes	16 00
Total taxes for 1916	28 00

N. E. quarter of section 31-[illegible]-07 west 4th meridian, area 160 [illegible] situated in a rural municipality [illegible] a school district, assessed value [illegible]

1916—Municipal taxes	[illegible]
1916—School taxes	[illegible]
Total taxes for 1916	$21 12

S. E. quarter of section 16-29-25 west 4th meridian, area 160 acres situated in an organized local improvement district and in a school district

1916—Local improvement taxes.$ 8.00
1916 School taxes . . 14 40

Total taxes for 1916 .....$22.40

In considering the question of local taxation, says the report, it is in order to keep in mind that the rate of taxation in any organized area is a matter which is entirely in the hands of the councils for boards elected by the ratepayers; no tax being payable to the federal or provincial governments on any land that is within the boundaries of an organized local improvement district or rural municipality and a school district, if such land is being used, and that the assessed value of land in rural municipalities is required to be the value of the land as raw land without regard to the improvements placed upon it by the expenditures of capital or labor.

The above samples, which are taken from some of the oldest settled districts, show all the different taxes to which any of these quarter sections can be made liable for unless the owner is not living on his land and does not make any use of it, when he will become subject to a wild lands tax. If the land is being farmed but is within the boundaries of the hail insurance district it is, of course, only subject to the hail tax in addition to the taxes above mentioned.

Returns from our rural organizations show that the average assessed valuation per acre in rural municipalities during the past year was $14.55.

The average valuation per quarter section being $2,328.

The average tax rate for municipal purposes was 5.54 mills.

The average tax rate in rural municipalities per quarter section for school purposes was 7.39 mills.

The average tax rate per quarter section for municipal purposes was $8 06.

The average tax per quarter section for school purposes, $10.75, making a total average tax for school and municipal purposes on lands within rural municipalities, per quarter section of $18 81

Canada's Future Place.

THE Canadian people, quite as much as those of the United States, have their lot cast in North America. European affiliations in the long run are not essential to the well-being of any great American community. The thing most to be desired is not a colonial Canada, but a Canadian republic so well conducted as to set all other American republics an example of fine ideals excellently supported in practise. There is nothing that would redound to the real welfare of Canada that would not also be of benefit to England and to the United States, provided we are all permitted to live in a well-ordered world. With the equal friendship of the United States and England, Canada's position is to-day and will remain more secure than that of any other aspiring young country in the whole world. She is just now paying a very great price to show loyalty to the traditions of her origin and to give full consistency to the course of her political history. She will have achieved as complete a right to an unembarrassed decision regarding her own future as any country in all the history of the world has ever heretofore attained. Her political independence from England could not well be thought of if there were not also involved at the same time an understanding that amounted to a British alliance, and also a like understanding with the United States, as well as with all the various parts of what has constituted the British Empire.—*American Review of Reviews.*

Well Done Canada!

From the New York Tribune.

EVERY American will feel a thrill of admiration and a touch of honest envy at the achievement of the Canadian troops about Arras on Easter Sunday and the following day. Nor should we forget that some thousands of citizens of the United States, serving under the flag of a nation now allied to us in the struggle against a common enemy, shared in the exploit.

The glory of the Canadian fight at the Ypres salient, almost exactly two years ago, has been too little appreciated on our side of the northern frontier. Rarely in history have troops, volunteer troops, suddenly exposed to a flank attack through no fault of their own, but by the collapse of their neighbors, had to bear a more terrific blow than that which followed the first gas attack. Yet, in the midst of confusion, assailed by the appalling poison of German making, the Canadian volunteers stood and died as the British regulars had stood and died in the greater Battle of Ypres of 1914.

And now the Canadians have swept up the famous Vimy Ridge, which halted the French veterans of Foch and proved too great an obstacle for the genius of the greatest offensive fighter France has yet produced in the war. After long months of waiting the Canadians have had their hour. They have had a chance to avenge their comrades, crucified by German brutes in Flanders; they have had the opportunity to write the name of Canada upon the war map of Europe, and their imprint will be remembered—in Germany quite as much as in America.

We shall know later at what price this achievement was accomplished, but no price will be too high, and for Canada this day of victory will have a lasting value. For Canada, too, its value will be less than for the British Empire. The German had prepared for the downfall of the British Empire. His spies had labored in South Africa, in Australia and New Zealand, in Canada, in India. The Bernhardis and their sort had forecast the collapse of the empire under the attack of German armies and fleets and the secession of the colonies.

The answer of India was spoken in the early and terrible days of the war, when an Indian corps stood shoulder to shoulder with the expeditionary armies in Flanders and helped to hold the thin line that restrained the wave of German barbarism threatening to engulf the world. Canada spoke at Ypres in the spring of 1915, Australia at Gallipoli in the summer, the response of South Africa was heard first in German West Africa in the conquest of that German colony and again in German East Africa where the last fragment of German colonial power is collapsing under the pressure of South African and Indian troops. Bagdad captured the other day, was also an achievement of Indian troops. In seeking to destroy an empire the Germans have consolidated it

Nearly three-quarters of a million of Canadian and Australian troops have responded to the call of the British Empire, more than half of them wearing the Canadian maple leaf. German plotting, German scheming, the wise plans of the professors on paper and of the German soldiers on the map have been answered in the only fashion in which it is possible to speak to Germany now. The praise of the Canadians and the Australians is written in all the letters of German soldiers captured at the front. It finds its way into the official reports of German officers.

Americans will feel a certain envy in the thought that Canada has outdistanced us in reaching the battle line which is the frontier of our common civilization. We shall take what comfort we may from the knowledge that among the Canadian forces are a considerable contingent of citizens of the United States, an unofficial vanguard we shall trust, of that American army which is, in due course, to take its place along the French front. They are serving in worthy company.

Meantime no praise of Canadian achievement can be excessive. From the plains and from the mountains, from the cities and from the prairies Canada has poured out her thousands and her hundreds of thousands she has sent across the ocean an army greater than Napoleon ever commanded on any battlefield; her volunteer regi

Continued on page 42.

JUST AS the great Rock of Gibraltar stands as a mighty symbol of Nature's permanence, so does the name Studebaker appeal to the whole civilized world as a true symbol of a marvelous manufacturing institution's enduring reliability.

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Gregory Morton Mystery

Continued from page 19

him to a chair in the corner of the room

"Now," said he, "let us all sit down and be as comfortable as we can."

It was not an easy thing to do at the moment, but the calm confidence of his manner won the day. When we were all seated, the doctor, between sips of his wine, told my story

"A month ago," said he, "this young man found himself, after a period of total unconsciousness, in possession of a perfectly normal mind, if I may term it so, and a totally obliterated memory. He knew neither who he was nor where he was.

"He discovered by extraordinary shrewdness of deduction that he was in an asylum, and that his enemies meant to keep him there. With extraordinary shrewdness and almost incredible courage, he escaped from that asylum, and, for the moment, from the clutches of his enemies.

"With amazing sanity and fortitude, he took up the task of piecing together from such fragmentary memories as came to him the identity of his lost self. Unless he has solved that problem since I left him this morning in Paris, it is still almost as complete a mystery to him as it was a month ago.

"He knows the name of two of his enemies; that name is Duggleby. He recognized your face and that of your father, and placed them among the number of his friends. He knows himself to have been a man of education and breeding and wide experience with the world. Beyond that, except for what he may have learned to-day, he knows nothing

"We had hoped, he and I, that you, *mademoiselle*, would be able to solve our problem."

"The man I knew—" she said, not very steadily, "Mr. Morton Smith his name was—lived at Cleveport. He was very poor. When father first became acquainted with him he was working in one of the mills of the shipyard. Afterward, at my father's suggestion, almost at his insistence, he taught himself shorthand, and got a clerical position.

"He was a man who had been educated far above the work he was doing, how far it is hard to tell, for he talked very little about himself. The passion of his life seemed to be to share the labors and the sorrows of the unfortunate people who lived and worked in that dreadful city. It was his interest in their welfare, that excited mine

"He seemed utterly unselfish, utterly devoted to their cause, and when he disappeared, I could not accept my father's explanation of it. I believed he was dead."

Her voice had faltered more than once during this recital, and now it broke complately. Apparently with no other purpose than to change a subject intensely painful to her, the doctor asked the question whose import to me was plain enough, but which she evidently failed to catch:

"Do you, or does your father, know Mr. Morton—Mr. Christopher Morton?"

"No," she said: "I knew [illegible] We have never seen him."

Then she turned to me:

"It was in the hope of finding him that we came to France. It was a rather desperate resort, perhaps, but father entertained great hopes of it. Old Mr. Morton was an honest man, and we hoped that his son would be enough like him to see to it that my father was honestly dealt with."

The doctor showed no surprise whatever at her words, and his next question astonished me:

"You didn't see Mr. Morton, then, while you were in Paris?"

"No," she answered. "I had no idea that he was in Paris until we happened on the news in a paper. We supposed that he was living in his chateau just out of Tours. That is why my father and I came down here to-day."

Then, as swiftly as I could frame the words, I told him of my visit to the chateau, my encounter with the lodge-keeper, my meeting with Virginia and her father at the gate, and gave him, in bald outline, Virginia's story of the events which led up to their coming to Europe to seek an interview with [illegible] Mr. Morton. Then, in conclusion, I spread before him the intercepted telegram which had diverted us to Metray

"Your lodge-keeper," said he, "undoubtedly went back and wrote a similar message after you had captured this."

Then, curiously enough, he turned and shot at Virginia one of the same questions I had asked immediately after I had read it

"Your luggage — yours and your father's—is that in the parcel-room at the Tours Station?"

He barely waited for her affirmative nod before he asked another question:

"And the chemical formula for your father's secret—is that by any unlucky chance in those hand-bags?"

"No," she said, "that has never left my father's person."

"That's well, for the present," said he. "We shall have a few hours of leisure Unless, after all, I am greatly mistaken, that parcel-room will be looted to-night, so we can count on the preoccupation of our friend the enemy until to-morrow morning. But after to-night—" he broke off abruptly.

"And now, *monsieur*," he turned to

me with his charming smile, "here are my instructions. You are to take this young lady and give her a promenade three times about the public square. Her father from this moment is under my care."

It was a wonderful moonlit night of early summer. Virginia was surpassingly lovely, to me at least in the luminous darkness.

The moonlight laid a spell upon us too I think, after the excitement of the day. I know I felt strangely calm perfectly happy, content to walk on with her in silence, in no other communication with her than the light pressure of her hand upon my sleeve as directed.

"Miss Heatherfield," said I, "there is something that I want to say to you. I think you dreaded coming out here with me, and I want to remove that dread. Leaving the past behind altogether, supposing for the present that Morton Smith is dead and that I am some other man, even at that our present fates are closely woven together.

"We have the same enemies and we have the same friends. I want you to be a friend to me, and to feel that I am yours—I, the man I know myself to be, the man who has lived to-night only a month. I know him, at least, and I can vouch for him. He wants your friendship. He knows that he has no right to ask more than that."

I heard her utter a little sigh of relief.

"You are being very good to me," she said. "As for my friendship, I give it to you with both hands, not because you ask for it, but because I cannot help giving it."

We were silent for a little while, and then impulsively she turned to me.

"Is it too much to ask how you could describe so vividly that evening in our sitting-room when father came in late and told us of the robbery?"

"You shall know all that I know about it," said I. "I dreamed it on ship board, the last day out. I woke from my dream with a start with your father's words still in my ears; and as I opened my eyes, I saw you and your father passing me on the deck."

She was silent a little at that.

"I am beginning to appreciate the compliment I pay my visits to you. I never could speak of it," she said, "not to go mad, indeed among such [illegible]."

The sympathy in her voice was almost too much for my self-control.

"Virginia," said I, "the doctor did not tell you the whole story. He did not tell you how, from the very first awakening, there in the asylum, among [illegible] to comfort me. It was the look in your eyes that gave me courage."

We were standing again before the inn door.

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At berry time use berries. At other times any sort of fruit.

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Add sugar and cream. This is all done in a minute.

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"Good-night," she said.

Then, instead of holding out one hand to me, under what seemed a sudden impulse, she offered me both.

"Good-night, my friend," she repeated.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE DOCTOR'S PATIENT

WHEN I returned to the doctor's room I found him leaning over the table, his forehead resting on his palms.

"Well," said he, "this puzzle of yours shows no signs of turning commonplace, at any rate."

"There is one element of monotony about it," said I, "and that is that however promising the clue appears, it invariably breaks when we have followed it a certain distance. That sort of thing grows tiresome.

"I have come to you with a suggestion," I went on after a moment's silence. "You have named me Simon Barras. Well, let it go at that. As I stand I am a young man with some education, some intelligence, good health, and good intentions. For all that let us be thankful.

"I will set about earning a living, which I am perfectly competent to do, and we will allow whoever I may once have been to wander about in limbo undisturbed. The energy we have been spending in the pursuit of this will-o'-the-wisp we will divert to the service of Miss Heatherfield and her father."

The doctor listened to this long speech in smiling silence. When I had finished he shook his head.

"I have an idea," said he, "that we should not advance Miss Heatherfield's affairs much except as we advanced yours. The two are knit fast together, I am sure of that, though I do not know exactly what sort of knot it is that binds them.

"And surely, if you will think a little you will withdraw that remark about the clues being all broken. The reason the mystery is more complex is the simple one that we are approaching the heart of it."

"Oh, but confess," said I, "your own case is broken down. You believed I was Christpoher Morton."

"I did," said the doctor. "When you bought a ticket to Tours, I was almost ready to swear to it, for I knew that his chateau was in that vicinity. All that I had been able to learn about young Mr. Morton would have fitted in perfectly with your past."

"There was one moment when I believed it, too," said I. "I knew I had lived there, and when I learned the name of the man who had lived there, believed that I was he. But my belief was shattered the very next moment."

"Well," said the doctor, "let us for a moment consider where you have succeeded rather than where you have failed. In the first place you know that you are somebody—somebody of consequence, I mean. A mere nobody would not have been shut up in Dr. Berry's asylum, couldn't for a moment be the object of so deep, and I may add, so expensive a conspiracy as exists against you.

"In the second place, there is no doubt at all that for a while, for more than a year, you were one Morton Smith."

"I admit that circumstances point that way," said I, "but on the other hand, I do not and will not believe that I was ever a rascal, the hired spy of the Dugglebys. Although," I added reluctantly, "that might account for their pursuit of me now and their attempt to put me out of the way."

"Hardly, hardly," said the doctor. "But what makes you think that Morton Smith was a rascal?"

"Mr. Heatherfield must have needed pretty good proof to have suspected me," I answered, "and Virginia's only alternative to the theory was that I was dead."

The doctor was openly laughing at me now.

"Listen," said he. "Take for an hypothesis that you were engaged to marry Miss Heatherfield. Suppose, which may easily be the case, that the time was already set for your marriage.

Would not those facts give your disappearance a very different color—your disappearance say, on the very night that her father discovered the attempt to rob him? In that case the idea that you must be either a rascal or dead becomes an entirely plausible one.

"But there is a third possibility just as good, namely, that on that very night, or the next day, you were quietly tapped on the head and sent out to Dr. Burr."

By that time I was pacing the room in uncontrollable excitement.

"Ah," I exclaimed, "if that were only true! And, as you say, it may be Well, to-morrow will show."

The doctor frowned.

"When you have calmed down," he said, "you will perceive that that is a line of inquiry that you cannot possibly pursue with Miss Heatherfield. Morton Smith may have been engaged to her, may even, though I think it unlikely, have been married to her, but that is a subject on which M. Simon Barras cannot question her."

It was so obviously true that I flushed red with shame at having needed his aid to point it out to me. I blurted out something to this effect, and his brow cleared again.

"I need not have said it," said he. "You would have seen it yourself before morning. And now," he continued, "let us go on with our inquiry.

"As I say, there can be no doubt that you were Morton Smith for at least a year. That part of your past will account for your dreams of furnaces and rolling-mills, will account for your waking acquaintance with the Irish pawnbroker, which had always puzzled me.

"On the other hand, we have still to discover who Morton Smith really was. He was not a spy in the service of the Dugglebys—that conjecture we will dismiss—yet he was a man the Dugglebys were willing to run the risk of murdering."

"At any rate, said I, "he is not Christopher Morton."

The doctor laughed.

"Clearly," said he, "if Christopher Morton is at this moment in Paris, you are not he."

"What do you mean?" I demanded. "I thought you said you saw him."

"I think I did," said he. "Certainly, a young gentleman with a card bearing that name called at my house this afternoon, apparently seeking medical aid. He was a good-looking young man. He bore, in fact, a rather striking family resemblance to you and he spoke good French, almost as good as yours.

"He complained of the nervous disease called neurasthenia, and the symptoms he related were perfectly consistent. They were so consistent, in-

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Canada Monthly, Toronto, Ont.

deed, that I found myself suspecting that he had learned them out of a text-book of my own upon the subject. But, as I say, that may be prejudice."

"Of course he is an impostor—" I began.

"Don't misunderstand me," interrupted the doctor. "My suspicion of him hardly went as far as that. He might perfectly well be an impostor from a medical point of view and still be the true Christopher Morton."

"That seems rather fantastic," said I.

"When I tell you one fact more it will seem more reasonable," said he. "Your friend, Mr. Duggleby, arrived in Paris this afternoon."

I started from my seat.

"Already ?" I cried.

"Didn't you suspect it," he said, smiling, "when I ventured the prediction that the parcel room in the Tours station would be looted to-night ?"

"Are you sure he's here ?" I persisted. "Have you seen him ?"

"Wait," said the doctor, "let me proceed with my tale in an orderly way. As I said, Mr. Christopher Morton called upon me this afternoon. He did not send in his card by my valet, but waited until I came out to see him. Then he handed me the card.

"I do not say that this was a deliberately laid trap to betray me into an exclamation of surprise, but it failed to do it. I quietly asked my young friend what he wanted of me.

"He was a model patient, if he was a patient at all, for he gave me his beautifully convincing list of symptoms without adding any that were irrelevant and without repetition. I suspected him of rather losing interest in his symptoms when they were safely out of the way, and of finding himself with an increased interest in me.

"I was hardly in a scientific frame of mind, as I said, but I tried one experiment on him. I told him he was undoubtedly suffering from neurasthenia, that rest from the distractions of Paris was what he needed, and I advised him to retire to his chateau in the Touraine in search of it.

"At that he flashed at me a little glance of surprise, tried to conceal it, and then let it appear quite openly.

"'Oh,' he said, 'I didn't know that you knew me so well,' and then promising to take my advice, he took his leave.

"I allowed my visitor to get perhaps half-way down the stairs before I clapped on my hat and followed him. As I expected, he glanced around, saw me and stopped, just as he was emerging on to the quay.

"'Am I to have the pleasure of your company, *monsieur*,' he asked.

"'I go to the left,' said I.

"'Ah, I am sorry. My way lies to the right.'

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"We parted accordingly, I at a slow walk, and he at a pace a little quicker. Presently I stole a glance around. He had disappeared down the Rue Zacharie. I turned into the Place St. Michel. There, pointing south, an automobile was waiting. I waited, too.

"There was a man in the automobile, beside the chauffeur, who seemed to be waiting also, and he evinced no little impatience. In another minute my friend Morton having run around the block, appeared out of the Rue de la Huchette and scrambled into the car. The man who had been waiting for him was Alexander Duggleby. I was, as you know, expecting to see him soon.

"I am reasonably sure that they drove away without catching sight of me. I returned to my house and found your telegram, which had just arrived. Of course, the moment I read it I sent for my own car and within twenty minutes was on the road for Tours.

"Just beyond Orleans we passed a car by the roadside. I was on the lookout, of course, but we flashed by too quickly to be sure. There were three men in this car, however, and one of them, a tall young man, about the size of our friend, I should say, was swearing in English and in a most terrifying manner at the chauffeur at work on the tire."

At that he rose and came over toward me.

"There is the end of my adventure," said he. "Off to bed with you; it is nearly morning. And by the way, are not you Americans some sort of expression about sleeping in your boots?"

"I understand," said I.

To be continued.

The Night Run

Continued from page 28.

Civic Vacuum Cleaners out to inspect every back yard," he said. "That train took one hour and a half to get here. How about you—have any trouble after I left?"

"No—except that you took my money."

He laughed and moved toward her. "I say, do you know Bee—in my excitement last night, I left both my wallet and grip in the taxi? This morning I found I had just sixty five cents in my clothes."

He caught her and crushed her fiercely in his arms.

"God, how I have wanted to do that," he said.

She leaned against him with shut eyes.

"Lynn, do you think we're quite safe, now? You know Robin said he would follow us to Honolulu, if necessary. I was sure he was on that train last night. He's bound to get even."

"And dear Bertie—Remember how he threatened to have a procession of sandwich men parade the joyful news in front of our hotel, if he could find out which one it was?"

"And don't forget Tom Heller and all the horrible things *he* was going to do with me. I have [illegible] the morning paper—for fear there may be a half pound of it inside."

Harding gathered her up in his arms and sat in a big, cosy chair holding her very close.

"Well, Angel Bride," he said," considering all the hideously original tricks we have played on the News Weels I am hardly surprised at their thirst for vengeance; it is almost too much to expect that we get off scot free. However, I am not the man to borrow trouble. The night run was a huge success, so—if you are satisfied that our new and disgraceful married state is still a secret to the minions of this hotel, perhaps you will consent to walk abroad with your own lawful husband. I am as hungry as the dickens, and I would like a good substantial lunch!"

Current Events in Review

Continued from page 34

ments have shown that same stubborn and tenacious quality which is the glory of the British army, and they have revealed also that dash and fury of attack, the initiative and resourcefulness which recall the armies which fought the Civil War from both sides of the Potomac. A democratic army, an army of citizens going voluntarily to the battle front beyond the seas, waiting neither for the appeal nor the demand of the mother country, has thrust a wedge into the defences of tyranny and won for liberty not merely a few square miles of French territory, but a victory which makes answer to the German idea that the world can be reconstructed without regard to the spirit of man, merely by material force.

Our entrance into the war should make a new bond between the Canadians and ourselves. One fraction of the Western world has answered the call of imperilled liberty; a continent

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on which the Anglo-Saxon settlers sought to build a new structure dedicated to humanity, justice, freedom has sent back its first regiments to assist in preserving in Europe the ideals it has served in America. Let us trust that the time will not be long before our own fraction of America carries our flag to trench lines behind which, at bay, barbarism is making its final stand and tyranny still keeps the field. Canada has spoken—it remains for the United States to do its part in a common cause.

Financing a War With Wheat

Continued from page 11

profession offered only an existence, I decided to investigate the possibilities of Western Canada. Before leaving the States I had the opportunity of having a conversation with one of the C. P. R. agents and was so impressed that I decided at once to go westward.

After looking over parts of Alberta and seeing what fine crops and stock were growing, and hearing of the almost incredible yields of 1915 I decided to purchase a quarter section so with this in mind I purchased one of the ready-made farms of the C. P. R. on the 20-year payment plan, which had 135 acres in crop. From this I harvested 3,800 bushels of wheat 2,200 of oats in less than five months after settling in Alberta.

The war has demonstrated this: that land, farm land, is the real foundation of national wealth. What may come after the war is largely a matter of conjecture, but there seems little doubt that peace will precipitate a rush for Western Canada's land unprecedented in history. The first waves of that on-coming tide are already in evidence.

Whether the price of agricultural products will remain phenomenally high after the war only time will tell, but the productivity of the Western Provinces has been established, and in good times or bad he who lives closest to the source of food production lives furthest from the fear of want.

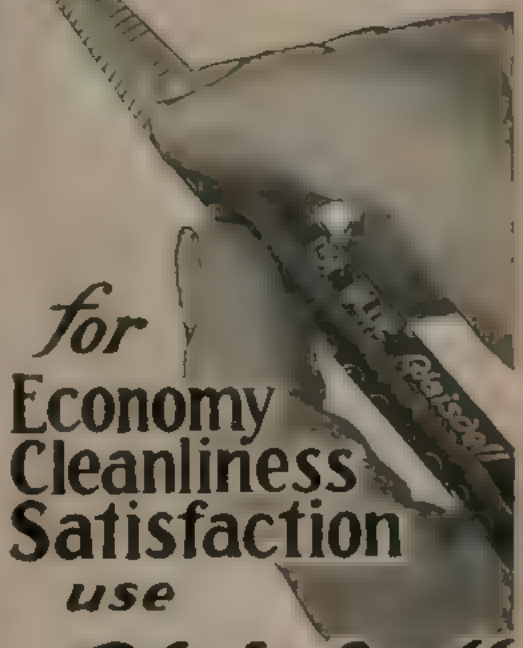
Tickets and Home-made Drama

Continued from page 31

from its fireside and its game of bridge and make it sit through a performance. Neither will he extract a show of interest. Canadian drama may be all right theoretically, but the public prefers to stay at home, shout its patriotism and support the next second-rate company sent us by far-seeing, long-haired Hebrew gentlemen from Broadway.

The war and the effort made to raise money for war funds is gradually working a change in the mind of the public. The ticket seller is probably no more popular than he ever was, but people can be persuaded to sit through an

151 Blue



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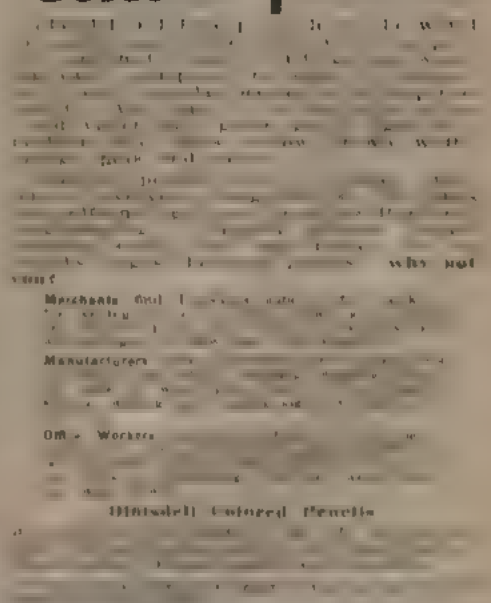

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"amateur" performance with better grace than formerly. Some go, even hoping to emulate. Some do! They go in many cases because there is a singular dearth of plays—no English ones and few American and they want a change from moving picture diet. But one is inclined to think that there is a better and a more satisfying reason; . . is it not because bad productions have become immeasurably better, near-good ones very pleasing, and good ones, excellent. The entire standard of amateur productions has been raised. There has been such competition that no organization or group of individuals can afford, even for patriotic purposes, to bore the public. They must equal, if not eclipse the production given by some other group, all of which has had a wonderfully stimulating effect on drama and things dramatic. The public has not only been given better "entertainments" but those taking part have done their work more seriously and have learned by earnest, diligent study to appreciate as never before good productions, themselves.

All this knowledge must develop into something. It cannot sink back "into the vile earth from whence it sprung," and those persons who are interested in the dramatic future of Canada hope that the day is not far distant when a Canadian playwright may see his work produced under a Canadian producer, by a Canadian company, whose costumes, scenery and properties have been made by Canadian artisans, and whose itinerary has been booked from a Canadian booking office!

An Unappreciated Comedy

Continued from page 23.

effectively but Miss Walters had resolutely refused to see him.

"Mr. Fenn," said Desson, "I have come to confess——"

"Quit it!" thundered Fenn. "This is no joke."

"Indeed it's not," said Desson gloomily.

"You couldn't——"

"But I did, I tell you."

"Perhaps you've got them now," suggested Fenn doubtfully.

"No."

"Well, that's some relief," muttered Fenn, and, forgetting what he had done, he came very near making a dive for the drawer. "There's getting to be too much magic in this thing for me."

"I took them," said Desson. "Then I got frightened and dropped them into a sewer. I shall be glad to write out a confession——"

"No, you don't!" interrupted Fenn. "Those things are in too many places now."

"Well, if you will send for an of——

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"No," Fenn interrupted again, speaking more thoughtfully; "no, you're too late. This thing has reached a point where I've got to choose who did it, and I don't choose you, not now. Get out!"

Desson retired wonderingly, to find Miss Walters waiting to intercept him. It may be that Miss Walters had discovered something significant in Fenn's attitude during his last interview with her, something that cleared up all doubts; at any rate, she had experienced a change of heart in the matter of freeing Desson, and was waiting for him. Furthermore, if one was to judge from their faces, they quickly reached a highly satisfactory understanding.

"I couldn't believe you had done it for me," he said.

"I couldn't let them send you to the penitentiary," she returned.

Then he took her by the hand and led her back into Fenn's office.

"Miss Walters," he announced, "is going to resign."

"What have *you* got to say about it?" demanded Fenn.

"Why," answered Desson, "she has just given me the right to say everything."

Fenn scowled and hesitated. His case was weakened, but he did not like to be defied.

"I don't think I can permit it," he decided. "There is the confession—"

"Two of them," interrupted Desson.

"Devil take yours!"

"As you please," returned Desson; then he added: "We don't fully understand this matter, Mr. Fenn, but we think you do, and we're going to force your hand."

"I'll show you!" threatened Fenn.

The telephone bell interrupted, and he unhooked the receiver. It was his lawyer—his infernally troublesome lawyer.

"I want to apologize," said the lawyer; "I was mistaken about that case."

"Yes?" returned the puzzled Fenn.

"Yes. It wasn't the girl, in spite of her confession, and the articles were never thrown into the river. The police have just recovered them at a pawnshop."

"Yes?" said Fenn again, and there was a note of the gravest anxiety in his voice now.

"And we've captured the man," added the lawyer jubilantly; "got him while he was pawning the things."

"What!" Fenn fairly shouted.

"We've captured the man," the lawyer repeated, with the cheerful confidence of one giving joyful tidings.

"Has—has he confessed?" asked Fenn in fear.

"Not yet, but——"

"I'll be right over," interrupted Fenn; but, under his breath, he was

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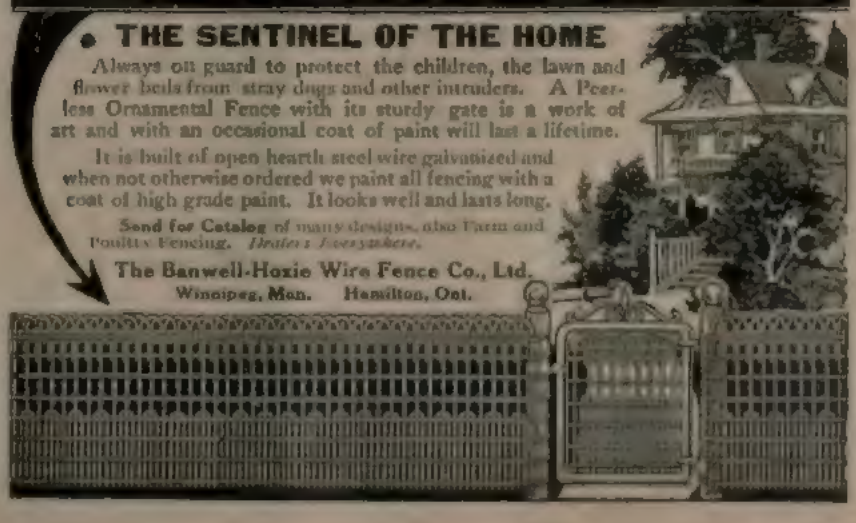

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saying: "Damn that fool! I told him to be careful."

His agent arrested! The man he had sent to pawn the things where they could be conveniently recovered! Very likely he was being "pumped" at that very moment!

"You'll show us what?" demanded Desson, reverting to the unfinished threat.

"Oh!" returned Fenn, wiping the perspiration from his face and trying to smile, "I'll show you a nice wedding-present that I picked from stock for you this morning—at least, I'll have somebody show it to you. I have an important engagement myself—very important."

Later, Fenn seriously tried the patience of his lawyer by refusing to prosecute. Further, he made peace with the discreet young man by making him a present—a nice little cash present. Incidentally, he gave every evidence of being an unhappy and disgruntled man, who had put himself to much trouble to purchase a "gold brick" of his own manufacture.

Uncle Solon's Stomach

Continued from page 15.

cause you masticate properly; but children always swallow everything whole. I've always told you that dieting was what your husband needed. He probably gets one good meal downtown——"

At this point Uncle Solon walked with dignity down the corridor. Nor was Aunt Matilda anxious to press the point.

"And you really think, doctor," she quavered, "that this is what ails Melly?"

"What more would you want?" the doctor inquired. "It's enough to give any child indigestion."

Uncle Solon, his dignity unimpaired, walked back.

"I've decided, Matilda," he said, "to give up the cure. However good it is for me, I won't have the children's stomachs impaired. I'd rather suffer than have them suffer."

As Aunt Matilda would have spoken he held up a large hand.

"No," he said, "we won't agrue the point. I don't often interfere in the running of the family, but when I do, as you know, it is final. We will go back to our ordinary diet to-morrow."

I suppose it was on account of Melly's being sick that I didn't sleep very well that night, and kept waking and falling asleep again. Melly was restless, too. It must have been at two in the night that I was awakened by her crying. I sprang to her bedside.

"What is it, Melly?" I asked. "Are you sick again?"

"'Tisn't that," she sobbed, "'tisn't that. It's that I'm so *bad*—but I can't tell them—oh, I can't tell them!"

"What do you mean, Melly?" I asked her again, turning up the gas.

"I'll tell you, Daisy, but don't you tell them; but I've got to tell some one!"

"What do you mean, Melly?'" I asked again.

"Oh, I've done something dreadful!" she wailed, lifting up her pale little face to me. "I'm a hypocrite. Oh, you don't know how bad I am!"

"What have you done?" I asked her, as gently as I could.

"Go look in my lower bureau drawer under my clothes, in the right-hand corner, and then you'll know."

I did as she told me. There, wrapped in precise, neat little packages were part of a mince pie, in another package some doughnuts, and in a paper bag some bananas.

"That's why I'm sick," wailed Melly. "The Lord made me sick because he's angry with me. I got so hungry I couldn't stand it. Oh, Daisy, it's an awful thing to say, but I *love* to eat, and there wasn't anything to eat! And I broke open my bank full of my *Easter offering*, and now I'm sick! Oh, I'm awful sick. Perhaps I'll die!"

"Nonsense, Melly," I said. "You're not going to die."

She laid herself down on her bed again.

"I feel better for having told," she sighed.

I put my arms round her and kissed her.

"It wouldn't have been so bad," she sobbed, "if I hadn't done it with my Easter offerings."

I soothed her, and kissed her, and when I thought I had got her all right she burst out crying again.

"Don't feel so bad about it," I said. "When you get well, you can tell your mother, and I'm sure she'll forgive you."

"'Tisn't that I'm crying for, Daisy," she sobbed. "It's because—oh, I'm going to be so hungry when I'm well—and the Easter offering's all *gone*!"

"That doesn't make any difference," I said. "Uncle Solon's given up the cure."

At this a look of perfect peace spread itself over Melly's face. "You're certain they're going to have cooked things again?" she asked.

"Yes," I assured her.

With the look of a cherub she folded her little hands, closed her eyes, and went to sleep.

I put there a long time to make sure that everything was all quiet. Then I sat down and ate what was left of the pie, and all the doughnuts and bananas, and took a quarter out of my purse and put it in Melly's bank.

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